THE COMMONWEAL

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PRIMO DE RIVERA

WHAT happens in Spain is now interesting to people who, twenty years ago, hardly realized that such a thing as the peninsular monarchy was in existence. No doubt this rise to prestige has been caused in part by the war, which brought the greatest neutral nation in Europe compliments from both sides and a considerable increase in revenue. In 1920 the total result could have been gauged according to two sets of phenomena: the rise of the peseta, and the vast increase of scholarly concern with Spanish art, customs and civilization. Three years later, however, the march toward progress was halted. Business competition having been restored throughout Europe, Spanish exports began to fall off, commercial credit expanded steadily and the peseta proved meat for speculative activity. More important still was the military collapse in Morocco, thousands of lives having been lost due to manifest blunders in leadership.

It was at this time that King Alphonso decided that a modified form of Fascismo would be desirable for Spain. Whether or not the motive was fear lest his own share in the blame for the mishaps in Africa would be discovered and used to promote rebellion, or anxiety regarding the spread of communism owing to industrial recession, the King persisted in his plan. The dictatorship was offered to Antonio Maura, leader of the reactionary conservatives, who declined and avowed his disapproval of the dangerous venture. It was then decided to use the army as a supporting wall and to select for the captain's post Primo de Rivera, an excellent soldier who had ruled Barcelona during times of disorder and was a convinced antagonist of the liberals. It has been alleged that there is a real power behind the throne—General Anido, one of the strictest disciplinarians among Spanish military men—but there is little evidence in support of the assertion.

On the whole, even Primo de Rivera's enemies will grant that he worked at the task assigned with genuine intelligence. As many of the aspects of Fascismo as could be imported into Spain were more or less deftly introduced. The National Assembly was abolished and a promise to give the country a new constitution, free from parliamentary flaws, was issued. Several organizations—notably the National Economic Council—were created to deal with basic industrial problems. Catalonian separatism, which had seriously threatened Spanish unity during several years, was coaxed into quiescence by favoring the province above

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all others. Something was done to amortize the national debt, to secure protection for domestic industries and to improve the system of transportation. It is still too early to judge the effectiveness of Primo de Rivera's policy. Accurate figures are not available, and interpretations of those which have been published differ. But those activities of the dictator which must be described as sheer flub-dub have been evident enough and have bred a vast amount of talk. Thus his censorship of the press and his usurpation of the right to use space in all journals to express his point of view eventually reared up against him an almost unanimously hostile newspaperdom. Clever men who had something to say found other platforms, equipped with really majestic sounding-boards.

All this has been most interesting to watch, and the reporters of the world have sent reams of copy from Madrid. But what has been the final outcome? The resignation of the dictator testifies primarily, we think, to his inability to unify public opinion in Spain. Two-thirds of the population is practically illiterate, bound to the soil and indifferent to political events. The country is ruled by such authority as a few relatively small groups are able to brew in unison. King Alphonso is not merely disliked by most of these but (what is much more important) believed totally incompetent. Despite all the efforts made under the dictatorship to secure unanimous Catholic support, there are many—and not the least able—who have joined Antonio Maura and Sanchez Guerra in openly demanding a new order. The army is divided in sentiment, as both the nearly successful rebellion of Ciudad Real and Primo de Rivera's futile appeals to the generals prove. And the universities have, as everyone knows, been the scene of constant public protests.

The present government is necessarily a matter of form. It came into office peacefully, just as Primo de Rivera himself rose into authority as calmly as a fly settles on a window pane on a languid summer day. No power is mighty enough to aspire to change the order of things, and the great bulk of thoughtful citizens are anxious to maintain the peace. It is, for the moment, necessary to observe that nothing has really been settled. We think that Spain earnestly desires to get on with its ruling house, but that it is also profoundly dissatisfied with Alphonso XIII. The situation of the Church merits careful watching. Only coming months can prove whether the acceptance of sops in the form of increased clerical salaries for political support was wise or ominous. Observers generally agree that there has been a notable awakening of public opinion throughout the peninsula, that this opinion is far less radical than has sometimes been imagined, but that the drift is plainly away from class privileges and autocracy to an overt democracy. Primo de Rivera has perhaps unwittingly aided this awakening. But this, like most of his official deeds, will eventually not redound to his dishonor.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHETHER we like it or not, the United States may be forced into a position where it must subscribe to some sort of anti-war clause or jeopardize the success of the naval conference. The Americans have held, of course, that there is no need for political agreement at London; that the Kellogg pact is a sufficient guarantee of what our attitude should be toward an aggressive nation, and that any discussion of an endorsing clause is likely to divert the conference from its main purpose. The French feel that the limitation of armaments cannot remain a technical matter only; that it is fantastic to suppose that it can be supported without political guarantees. And probably the report that France would be willing to cut 200,000 tons from its naval program if the other powers should promise not to aid an aggressor nation was an effort to coax an endorsement from our delegation. If the offer should be definitely made, we could not dare refuse it, for a cut of 25 percent in the French fleet would permit of substantial reductions all the way around. But perhaps we do not want to be forced into the open. Perhaps limitation is all that we are really seeking at present. There have been intimations (false, we hope) that President Hoover was not echoing the sentiments of everyone in Washington when he said "They cannot go too low for us."

The Conference Proceeds

AT THIS time it may be pertinent to recall the positions adopted by the various delegations at the opening of the conference. Great Britain wants strength enough in comparison with other fleets to guarantee that her commerce will not be interrupted in case of war; the United States will adjust her strength to Great Britain's; France must know whether to prepare for the possibility that an aggressor nation may be given aid; Italy wants a theoretical parity with France; and Japan, anxious for economies, is probably more interested than any of the others in actual reduction. In their general outlines these policies do not clash; where disagreement may arise is in working out the details of their application. When the smoking out begins at London, we hope that the delegations will not forget to repeat to themselves from time to time the things which they said on first arriving there and to recall that they will be judged by deeds, not by words.

THAT New York was priming for a fight over public utilities control has been evident for years. The battle has now opened with vigor over the new rates, 80 percent of which telephone subscribers throughout the state will be asked to pay after February 1. When the company proposed these increases, which make talking to one's neighbors more expensive in the empire state than anywhere else on earth, the Public Service Commission demurred but was overruled

New York Protests

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in a federal court. Acting on protests which have piled in from every hamlet and city, Governor Roosevelt has now asked the legislature to petition Congress for action on a measure which restates demands presented without success years ago. This measure provides that appeals from Public Service Commission rulings shall not be taken to the federal courts until "after the state court of appeals has passed upon the question." Under existing conditions, companies seeking raises have gone to a distant judge who thus automatically became the arbiter of a question about which he could, in the nature of things, know very little. It seems to us that there is every reason to support Governor Roosevelt. Granted the temper of public opinion, he is sure to win his point later, if not now; and the matter is one in which the legitimate rights of the state have been flagrantly ignored.

What Price Telephoning?

THE suavity with which the New York Telephone Company announced its increase in rates did not disguise the fact that the new rates were placed too high. The people are to be congratulated that Governor Roosevelt was so vigilant and the Public Service Commission so prompt in ordering a 20 percent reduction in the new schedules. This will relieve the subscribers from paying $3,000,000 of the $14,000,000 income the company hoped to get from them. A decision of the federal court authorized a 7 percent return on a fair valuation of the company's property used and usable. It was on the basis of an increase in this property valuation that the new rates were fixed. The decision of the Public Service Commission, which reduced the property valuation, will inevitably be thrown back into the courts. Meanwhile there is hope in the statement of James S. McCulloh, president of the telephone company, that his organization will abide by the Commission's order until the entire matter can be threshed out. It can then be seen, without the passion instilled by increasing the cost of a public and monopolistic utility, if the new rates are justified or if, as the City of New York contends, the valuation of property estimates have neglected the questions of depreciation and obsolescence.

Industry in Transition

IN A recent message, Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, declared that the productivity of industry per unit of man power is still on the increase, which means that we are no nearer a fixed level of employment than we were in 1919 or 1920. What has usually been considered an accident of the post-war period, then, begins to look like a habit; the growing pains of industry may really indicate an incurable disease. At least the signs are constant enough to justify labor's concern over the displacement of men by the improvement of mechanical methods. Dr. Klein, of course, is not pessimistic. He believes that the situation carries its own power of correction; that the improvement of machines, resulting in an increase of production, will raise the standards of living, thereby creating new positions for men who are now being displaced. The trouble is that no remedy we have yet learned to apply can lessen the distress which must be felt during this period of transition, and that the progress of mechanical improvement is so rapid that no one can say when there will not exist such a period. We await the results of the American Federation of Labor's survey into the effects of the industrial changes, knowing well enough that the report will not be particularly cheerful.

News about the Church

"OUR newspapers today testify to the fact that man's concern over his relation to the Supreme Being is likely to be a first-page topic, as regularly as any other," is the kernel of an address delivered recently by Mr. Louis Wiley, business manager of the New York Times. Reporters cover all significant events having a religious cast; sermons are quoted; an interesting Papal Encyclical is cabled from abroad at great expense; and differences or disturbances inside various churches add zest to the citizen's morning breakfast. Even in the domain of ecclesiastical advertising, Mr. Wiley declared, there is considerable activity. One grants that all this is quite accurate. The better newspapers, among which Mr. Wiley's journal holds an honored place, chronicle religious happenings with a care and impartiality one cannot refrain from admiring. And if many of us are still unsatisfied with the results, if we feel that the world of the spirit has been neglected, the truth of the matter is that the newspaper's focus is not our own. Citizens who open their morning paper want to—in numerous instances must—know just what every stock is selling for, what play has come to town, what political incidents are altering the civic alignment, what deaths have occurred. Religious news is relatively more important than all this, to be sure, but it is not so practically and immediately necessary. Here the important business is to keep oneself unspotted, to refrain from evil, to remember the worship of God. In a way these are timeless enterprises—states rather than events; and they are not very much affected by the circumstance that some item of religious interest fails to get itself reported in detail.

WHAT really counts is the failure to derive from newspaper reading any spiritual suggestion or impulse. The reporter does not stop to point a moral or to remind his audience of its eternal destiny. And if he did, he would doubtless be colored by his own religious affiliations to an extent which might irritate or anger those who belonged to other groups. Sometimes the editorial writer does just this. The comment which the New York Times published anent the Papal Encyclical undoubtedly met with the disapproval of many Catholics; and though not a few of these admitted that

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it was well that the editor said what was on his mind frankly, without subterfuge, or that the Times was a good paper in spite of this offense, the incident reveals how dangerous it is to utilize the daily press as a medium for expressing opinions regarding ecclesiastical decisions or affairs. An individual group, it seems to us, can do only one of two things. It can publish a paper of its own, if conditions warrant and support can be secured. Or it can use publicity and advertising methods to make the point it wishes to leave. The second is obviously the easier and less expensive way out, and there are certainly some reasons why it could be recommended to Catholics in particular.

NOTICE, for instance, the difference between direct and indirect apologetics. The first stresses a point of doctrine or practice, defends it against misrepresentation, and urges it upon others. As a matter of fact it demands so much time to effect a victory over prejudice or to make it sink into the mind of a reader that we earnestly doubt its value in daily journalism. The indirect apologetic is to be defined as a statement which has no other purpose than to gain attention for something that will be accepted as true by any honest intelligence—which, therefore, disregards the will entirely. An example of this might be an "advertisement editorial" commenting on a "love murder," pointing out that the girl involved had disregarded the advice of her pastor, had frequented a cheap dance hall, had given up attendance at church, and had then gone her tragic way to its close. Or on a higher scale, it might be a similar "advertisement editorial" commenting on the circumstance that the Prince de Broglie, winner of the Nobel Prize for physics, is a practising Catholic and that many scientists are believing Christians (it would do no harm to mention a Methodist or a Unitarian). Ultimately it would be found that many such comments would be accepted as legitimate publicity without pay; and many a reader might derive from his newspaper a spiritual suggestion now missed. Is there something in this idea?

ONE hopes that many besides subscribers will read two articles by the Reverend Charles Bruehl in recent issues of the Homiletic and Pastoral Review. They have for their subject apostolic effort in the present era, and place the layman and the priest in the right perspective—a matter precious enough in view of the haziness of much current discussion. A lay apostolate, Father Bruehl declares, cannot be argued into being. "It is a living thing," he says, "and must build up its own forms of expression spontaneously and from within." That all await its development with great eagerness follows from general recognition of such facts as that lay action can "stop the leakage which annually costs the Church so many members." Desertion is caused by dwindling courage, lack of interesting employment, unfavorable surroundings. The layman who seeks to render social life Christian is therefore helping to keep the crowd in line. But it is impossible to expect more of him than he is empowered to give. "It is plain that we cannot think of saddling the arduous work of the apostolate exclusively or even mainly on the laity," we are told. The laity is the mirror in which the clergy see themselves. That relationship must be grasped in confidence and charity. And so (we may add) we are virtually back at the old truth that the layman must seek to do ontologically what the priest does logically —to reflect, in a myriad spheres of activity, the grace which God's minister daily begs for the world.

Modern Speech and Religion

ONE of the most careful analyses of recent financial events is surely that made lately by Mr. E. H. H. Simmons, president of the New York Stock Exchange, before a Philadelphia audience. It seems to us that he said most of what he knew quite frankly, which fact should go a long way toward remedying the current disease of looking for individual scapegoats. Four points may be noted here. "The stock market," said Mr. Simmons, "is very much more affected by business than business is by the stock market." It would seem, therefore, that speculation for the rise was simply carried farther than industrial conditions would permit. Short selling, we are asked to believe, had little effect upon the débâcle, because figures indicate that during the panic it was unappreciable in extent, and because the peak in volume of sales was reached during 1928. Perhaps the cause of the break needs to be sought in the record amount of new stock put upon the market. After a year of mammoth flotations, "in September alone investment trusts and holding companies put on the market about $650,000,000 of new securities." These were not absorbed. If one asks why, the right answer is probably that American companies purchased many European securities, or loaned money on their own accounts, while the European scene was marred by incidents like the calamitous Hatry scandal. "We must consider European conditions more closely and more critically in the future," Mr. Simmons averred. All of which sounds astonishingly like common sense, though there may be little comfort in it.

Mr. Simmons Explains

POLICE COMMISSIONER WHALEN of New York City has recommended that a modern skyscraper be erected in central Manhattan to house the Department. Thirty-two floors, he thinks, will be sufficient. Of course such a building would add greatly to the convenience of the Commissioner, and perhaps of humbler departmentals. But the advantages, outside of centralizing agencies which are now scattered among eight buildings, appear to be chiefly psychological. New headquarters may help all members of the Department to find a new joy in their

A Modern Police Station

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work; may stimulate police activity by giving the policemen a home office to be proud of. And whether or not the tower is shaped like a baton, it will be a symbol of the majesty and dignity of the law, and a reminder of its presence in Manhattan. Perhaps no one would find it especially easy to measure such advantages in dollars and cents, but we venture to assert that they will be worth the ten or fifteen millions at which Mr. Whalen proposes to purchase them in the interests of the City of New York.

Successor to the Tin Cathedral

RIGHT Reverend Donald Martin, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, whose diocese is one of the poorest and most scattered in Europe, has announced that work on the new cathedral of Oban will begin in the spring. The building which it will supplant has long been known as the Tin Cathedral since it was improvised from metal sheets which once glistened in the sun but now crumble before the spray of the Atlantic. The Bishop tells, with no little humor, that while celebrating Mass there recently, he was given a shower bath through the ruined roof of the sanctuary, but at the Introibo not at the Lavabo. In his diocese lies Iona, the island beloved of Saint Columba who prophesied of it: "In place of monks' voices will be heard the lowing of kine, but ere the world comes to an end shall Iona be as it was." Iona in Columba's day was the cradle of missionaries whose zeal for the Faith indelibly impressed itself on European civilization. Today no Catholic lives on Iona but there are many staunch faithful in the other Isles who, though poor, count themselves rich when they have the monthly visitations of a priest. To extend his work and to build a suitable cathedral Bishop Martin appealed to America. It should be gratifying to those who have contributed to the cathedral fund to know that plans have been so far advanced. And it is to be hoped that others, equally generous, will be found to offer all that is necessary to replace the Tin Cathedral with the lovely structure designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott.

Belgian Honors at Georgetown

THOUGH the Belgian people look back upon more than two thousand years of stirring history, it was only a century ago that they obtained complete political independence. The coming month of March has therefore been set aside for public commemoration of the event, following which there will be commemorative festivities lasting into autumn. Expositions will be held in both Antwerp and Liége. King Albert and the Queen have already arranged to attend a variety of exercises. In honor of the occasion, Prince de Ligne has established at the School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University, a gold medal to be awarded annually to the student who presents the best essay on some aspect of Belgian history. This medal, bearing on one side the coat of arms of the Belgian ambassador, will be given for the first time next June. In his letter making the announcement Prince de Ligne congratulated the School of Foreign Service and said: "The people of the United States have shown, over a period of many years, their deep interest in my country and have given evidence of it by practical acts of friendship almost unparalleled in the history of the world. I feel that it would be mutually beneficial to both nations and still further promote existing friendship if the leaders of tomorrow in the United States—its university students of today—could be encouraged to make still further studies in Belgian history. A knowledge of the trials and tribulations of my country over a period of centuries, with the resulting achievements, will enable one to understand better what Belgium is today."

War to the Warriors

THE desire to illustrate the horrors of war may not have determined the invitation of the superintendent of West Point to the cast of Journey's End to play before the cadets of the academy. Be that as it may, this graphic presentation of life at the front was a good publicity stunt for all concerned and on the whole the editorial comment tended to credit the pacification force of the performance. We are not so optimistic. We would like to share the belief of many overenthusiastic reviewers who have hailed such plays and novels of the All Quiet on the Western Front type as the best and most effective arguments against war. At the present time the world, save in remote sections, enjoys peace. The author and the playwright may contribute to the universal recognition of the blessings of peace but this period is not unique in its portrayers of war as it really is. Others in the past have written similarly yet when the first cannons resound they have been equally quick to celebrate the glories and romance of battle. For one It's a Great War, at the first declaration of war there will be an avalanche of books and plays designed to show the inevitability of strife and the desirability of defending a country's honor, saving the world for democracy, or whatever shibboleth may then be on the lips of the statesmen in power.

Chief Justice Taft Retires

NO MORE dramatic shifting of the scene of high American statecraft has occurred in many years than the resignation from his sick-bed of Chief Justice of the United States, William Howard Taft, and the appointment by the President of Charles Evans Hughes. It would be superficial to attempt anything like a résumé of the careers and characters of these two great public servants in the limited space at our disposal as we hurry to press. What may safely, perhaps tritely, yet profitably be considered is the fact that the episode calls fresh attention to one of the strongest and most worthy contributions which the American system of democracy makes to the com-

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mon weal, namely, the personal authority and leadership which it develops and encourages. What Mr. William D. Guthrie recently said about Mr. Hughes applies also to Mr. Taft, except, of course, for the inconsequential circumstance that the New York bar cannot claim Mr. Taft. But the legal profession at its best—a best which needs attention at a time when the whole bar is struggling to stem the tide of vulgarians and profiteers seeking entrance to its privileged domain—is a matter of national, not merely state development, and Mr. Guthrie's words may justly be read in that sense. "From the beginning of the history of our bar to the present time, from the days of Alexander Hamilton and James Kent to our own times of Elihu Root, Charles Evans Hughes and Benjamin N. Cordozo, public service has been the controlling spirit and inspiration of the New York bar and the source of its chief distinction, prestige and glory. The criticism sometimes thoughtlessly made that the spirit of public service in our profession is lessening is not warranted. At no time has more or better patriotic public service been unselfishly rendered by members of the profession than at the present time, and the careers of the living and renowned jurists whom I have named strikingly exemplify the truth of this assertion."

THE RETURN TO REALITY

JUST a very few years ago reigning human intelligence seemed to have gone swimming in mystical currents. Digesting Spengler was a sign of advanced culture; listening to some wanderer from Punjab expounding the mysteries of oriental reverie was a manifesto of social prestige. And since the mass of men is always eager to follow such a lead, the supply of pseudo-mysticisms rivaled the array of magazines at a railroad newsstand. Today all is changed. Philosophy is clearer of fog than it has been for a good many years; and one who reads such a work as the Vocabulaire which various French savants have compiled may well be led to believe that modern desire to define precisely the terms of thought has inaugurated a new scholastic discussion. For the benefit of his generation, Mr. T. S. Eliot defines civilization as "spiritual and intellectual coördination on a high level"—which is, at least, miles away from the swamps of Freud. And one seems to notice, in the literatures of cultured countries, a rationally controlled outlook which is free from the worst of the old schematizations of rationalism.

It is a little hard to explain the change. We shall put forward our hypothesis with becoming modesty, realizing full well that it is open to question and yet sure that it suggests a number of interesting points of view. Briefly stated, it is this: since the war the theories of Einstein and the fresh emphasis laid upon parts of Catholic philosophic traditionalism have joined in recommending three or four important conclusions. The universe studied by natural science is once again plainly a universe of mystery, so independent of man that no pictures of it arrived at by him a priori are even remotely adequate. And yet the laws of the reasoning mind and of nature concur, so that the finiteness of the cosmos established long ago by classical metaphysicians is now a truism of experimental science. Thus the charms of subjectivism have been marred, if not dispelled, and the way is clear for other triumphs of critical realism—the innate "necessity" of ethical mandates, the fact that culture is not a mechanism but a unity spiritually experienced, which reposes upon a coördination of varying relations to one and the same objective being, and the realization that "purposiveness" is inseparable from life.

At all events, the concordance between an old doctrine and a modern science is impressive and has not gone unnoticed. It may be termed the topic which engrosses Professor Whitehead. In an essay on recent books about Descartes, Mr. Herbert Read declares: "Only now have we begun to see in Descartes's simple and direct philosophy the source of all the great intellectual sophisms of our age. Criticism fatal to it comes from two quite different camps: it is a doctrine of that revival of scholasticism represented in France by M. Maritain, and it is a corollary of the most recent advances of science. It would be interesting to inquire how far these two quite different schools of thought coincide—how near, that is to say, they approach each other in their metaphysical assumptions. Their terminology might well be quite different, one being derived from an ancient tradition, the other from a new science; and it is very hard to strip a system of thought of its slowly evolved mode of expression. But if, on further research, it appears that the differences of religion (of a religion, it is true) and of science are merely logical, differences of mode rather than of mood, then the situation becomes tremendously significant. Obviously we exist, as an age or an epoch, in a state of indecision; the easy assumption is that we exist in a state of despair. But the facts equally suggest that we may be on the boundaries of a new life."

Parallels to this passage are numerous, and one makes no error in asserting that interest in Thomistic philosophy is growing everywhere. Indeed there is some danger lest the Summa, which our great saint inlaid so carefully into a theological system, should become the pasture of a certain rationalistic faddism. During recent years the neo-scholastic movement has generally been forced to battle against a tendency to identify Thomism with the thirteenth century—to encase it in swaddling clothes proper to an epoch, and to renounce every contact with a more modern era. Victory in this struggle has not yet been guaranteed, but it is in the offing. The tendency now is to "humanize" Aquinas—to stress anew his clarification of Aristotle, his divinations of cosmic structure, his analysis of the intrinsic "life-purpose." Thus he becomes something like the creator of a satisfactory metaphysical formula, a little more advanced than C H O, but essentially not very different.

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One needs, therefore, to reaffirm the essentially mystical quality of Thomism. It is not an intuitionalist philosophy, to be sure, and quite frankly stands apart from Anselmian ways. But precisely because it is based upon experience it repudiates no variety of experience. Even its most humdrum details are hallowed by that sense of the life of the Church—the holy spirit of the middle-ages—which modern dissident ages have so largely forgotten. A recent writer, noting the flood of contemporary religious publications, observes: "People are drawn to Saint Thomas precisely because he was a saint and a mystic—not merely the author of the Summa contra gentiles, but the great poet of the Holy Eucharist. His philosophy is dogmatic, but not drily Aristotelian. It comes from the spirit and not from the intellect, and it leads toward contemplation." This is so true that it calls for repeated emphasis, lest the central Catholic philosophy degenerate into a logician's toy.

We observe with pleasure that the well-known Dominican theologian, P. Garrigou-Lagrange, has dealt with just this matter in a book devoted to Mysticism and Christian Perfection. Saint Thomas is here shown as one who, far from spending his time splitting hairs in a logical laboratory remote from actuality was interested in reconstructing and ennobling the whole plan of human life. To him the laws of the natural world were anticipatory of, were complemented by, the equally permanent laws of the spiritual universe. God is the centre of all—not as One Who can conveniently be abstracted from given facts or events, but as the Worker of all good in ourselves and in life. And so, in the end, Thomistic doctrine is as close to man as his very breath and as near to God as the pneuma of the Church itself.

Indeed, one occasionally has the suspicion that it is this "life of the Church," so admirably set forth in Karl Adam's Spirit of Catholicism, which many of us have in mind when we speak of Thomism. The great saint summarized so much of what had been the long experience of saint and sages; and he is now a convenient centre to which we can attach whatever of that experience comes home to ourselves. This is all very well, if it imply no narrowness or unjustified criticism of others. But it must, above all, not make us forget that even the humble, who will never understand the difference between ens and essentia, can help to realize the central purpose of Thomism if they will but cling steadily to the vita ecclesiae. This is the form, permitting infinite diversification, which alone is worthy of either God or man.

Meanwhile all of us may rejoice that the formlessness of spiritual beliefs which grew out of nebulously understood science is being more and more widely repudiated by science itself, and that the structure of the world (in the sense that it is, spiritually and physically, ruled by order) is once again the true wisdom of perennial philosophy. That is a victory which may earn numerous and splendid spoils.

THE BINGHAM BILL

REPLYING to Senator Bingham's criticism of the Department of Commerce for failure to give adequate publicity to the causes of airplane accidents, Assistant Secretary Young has declared that the air commerce act makes no provision "To conduct formal hearings, subpoena witnesses, take testimony under oath or engage in any other practice necessary to bring out the pertinent facts underlying accidents." At the same time he is satisfied that the Department's investigations are providing information which will help manufacturers and operators to eliminate accidents, which is all that the Department should be qualified to undertake.

He cites the recent report issued by the Aeronautics Branch in which all but 4.73 percent of the accidents in the first six months of 1929 were accounted for. Although he makes no reference to Senator Bingham's bill, which would give the Department full authority to make formal investigation of flying accidents, and compel publication of the findings whenever damage has been done, the tone of his statement leaves no doubt that he is opposed to it. He says, "Injustices to individuals could very easily result were the information, thus developed in individual cases, released for consideration in the light of legal technicalities, contributory negligence phases, and proximate and remote causes, rather than for the practical deductions of thoroughly experienced aviation personnel, for the purpose of applying remedial measures in future operations." It is not a particularly direct and satisfactory answer. The principle enunciated here would give airplane companies an immunity which we do not extend to shipping lines, although the modern ship is the safest instrument of travel ever devised.

There is no good reason why we should baby the airplane companies in this way; eventually such immunities will be to its disadvantage, for they do not help to inspire public confidence. Aviation has its full share of woes in this country; if its prospects for 1930 are none too bright, we are sympathetic, but why deny that the airplane companies themselves are partly responsible for such a condition? In the past year there has been more than one instance of a deliberate attempt to destroy evidence after an accident before newspapermen or the representatives of the Department of Commerce could arrive on the scene. And this has happened at some of our best-known airports. It is a very poor policy. Accidents will not hurt the flying business, more than temporarily. Mystery will. Irresponsibility will. We are told that the airplane companies resent safety legislation; at least their recent convention is reported to have adopted a resolution opposing regulation. The railroads got by with such high-handedness for years; eventually they had to submit. But the railroads never had to overcome such a general timidity toward their service as is and has been the chief obstacle to prosperity for aviation.

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MONEY, MORALS AND HEALTH

By ELMER MURPHY

Many people have tried to investigate the relationship between money and morals, but the truth that rain falleth on the just and the unjust alike remains. It is apparent, however, that moral and spiritual conduct do affect the happiness of the individual; and since life insurance is a business which directly finances individuals it may have something to tell us regarding present conditions. In the following paper Mr. Murphy analyzes remarks which interested a recent meeting of life insurance presidents. The findings and the commentary both seem unusually striking.—The Editors.

ALL of the ingenuity we have been able to muster in solving the problems of civilization has been unable to bridge successfully the gap between morals and money. While vice oftentimes leads to financial bankruptcy and virtue is rewarded with a full purse as well as an easy conscience, the reverse is too frequently true to make the materialistic appeal to righteousness very persuasive. The prohibitionist who attempts to defend his thesis on the ground that it puts money into the pocket of the working-man stumbles over the fact that it also swells the income of the bootlegger and the rum-runner. The manufacturer who subscribes to the ethical code of his trade association finds that its strict observance lays him open to the attacks of less scrupulous competitors. In spite of all our efforts to persuade the faltering that it pays—in coin of the realm— to be good, the proposition needs demonstration and we have not been able to prove it.

But the life insurance companies are able to weigh the economic effects of moral delinquency where the individual cannot. The actuarial unit of measurement is so broad that the variations in personal experience do not materially affect it; causes and effects which lie beyond the limited range of our vision are traced in imposing financial aggregates. Fire insurance companies, for example, have brought to light the "moral hazard" reflected in the unmistakable relation between fires and business failures. Collecting the insurance offers a rear exit when disaster knocks at the front door and many merchants take advantage of it even at the risk of running afoul of the arson laws. But here it is vice, not virtue, that profits.

The interests of life insurance companies, and the interests of the policy holder run more nearly parallel. To both serenity and a long life span are desirable. Attempts by beneficiaries to turn murder to profit are happily rare. Policy holders have been known to sacrifice voluntarily arms and legs to collect indemnity insurance—an illustration, by the way, of the lengths to which human nature will go to escape the uncertainty of financial income. But in the main insurer and insured in the life field are driving toward the same ends.

Business is traditionally regarded as having to do with money and not with morals. The bank balance of the sinner is as acceptable as that of the saint. But with the broadening of the scope of business the theory that its interest is restricted to hard cash no longer holds water. Life insurance does not rest upon benevolence or love of one's fellow-man any more than the machine tool industry or investment banking, yet it is displaying constantly increasing concern over problems of civilization we have long considered the affair only of the Sunday-school classes. At first it only urged us to be thrifty and provident. When policy holders became so numerous that the value of its resources fluctuated with the state of the public health, it began to take an intimate interest in our diet and habits of living. At length it seems to have discovered that the state of our morals has an economic aspect and they, too, have been brought within the lengthening perspective of business and application to its many problems.

The Association of Life Insurance Presidents, at its last meeting, held in December, weighed in the scale of dollars and cents such imponderable elements as education, heredity and behavior. Dr. Henry Wireman Cook, vice-president and medical director of the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company of Minneapolis, cited nine factors "in the life of the modern man of our much-vaunted civilization" the review of which was prompted by "a consideration of present unfavorable mortality trends." Among these were heredity, from the view-point of the breaking down of social barriers, "our confused, superficial and commercialized system of formal education" and, finally, "spiritual uncertainty and unrest."

In discussing the educational system he said:

> It is undoubtedly responsible for many of the mental derangements which have filled our asylums to overflowing and is also responsible for even more of the social and intellectual maladjustments of modern society which have serious and far-reaching effects, but which may not reach the degree of institutional treatment. The criminal, the anarchist, the divorcée—common types of maladjustments in our social, national and family life—may often be the result of poor training and education, combined perhaps with other physical and emotional defects. Students are crammed with a heterogeneous mass of ill-assorted information but given little true appreciation of wisdom. The aim is material success, not to deepen understanding.

On the subject of spiritual uncertainty, after quoting Lippmann on "the present confusion of ideals which tends to destroy that confident and serene background to life which is so essential to physical and mental health," Dr. Cook continues:

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> While modern interest in health and hygiene may be interpreted as one significant illustration of a changing philosophy of life in which more primitive and supernatural religious beliefs are being supplanted by a humanistic philosophy, nevertheless, the transitional period is leaving many without the spiritual certitude which formerly anchored their emotional life and guided their daily actions.

Quite apart from Dr. Cook's opinions concerning the possibility of devising a substitute for spiritual certitude, the impressive fact is that the lack of it enters into the calculations of the life insurance companies. And so religion appears as a foot-note in the counting-house ledgers and statistical summaries in which the entries are uniformly dollars and cents. We might in the course of time, according to Dr. Cook, develop a humanistic philosophy to which the storm-beaten may tie, but as yet we have not, and in the cold, practical light of business scrutiny we are paying in cash for having cast off from the old moorings and embarked on a tempestuous sea.

Dr. Cook, who falls into the common error that the new learning was a scientific and not a religious movement, seems to be of the opinion that in time we shall have a natural rather than a supernatural anchorage to which we may tie. He looks longingly back to Greece for the insurance company's ideal of civilization. He says in part:

> With the decline in Greek culture and the passing of the age of reason, civilization crumbled, and the advances so nobly made in science and philosophy were lost in the darkness and superstition of the following centuries. Dogma and superstition replaced scientific research and reason. Sickness, poverty and human misery were no longer subjects for experimental study or philosophical speculation.

Whether from the life insurance view-point Greek culture, earmarked by slavery, subservience of women and Dionysian rites, is not rated a bit high and the age of superstition, which built the cathedrals and raised all human souls to a uniform level, a bit low is one of those controversial questions that actuarial statistics cannot answer. Some clarification, however, is thrown upon it by the numerous statistics which Dr. Cook himself mentions.

Speaking of the accomplishments of science in stretching the span of life, he says that with infancy as the starting point seventeen years have been added to the average human existence. But the man of fifty is assured of no greater longevity now than he was in the days of Tiglath Pilesar or the age of Pericles. Dr. Cook explains that

> The improvement has come almost entirely in the control of communicable diseases caused by bacteria, and no gain, but a loss, is demonstrable for those diseases due to faulty methods of living.

Specifically, the deaths caused by communicable diseases have declined from 400 per 100,000 of population in 1901, to fewer than 150 in 1929. But the deaths due to degenerative diseases rose from something over 350 to more than 500.

From this it appears that science has been very successful in checking the ravages of bacteria, but it has been singularly unsuccessful in improving "our faulty methods of living." Our moral progress, in other words, is charted on the actuarial diagram by a decisive dip rather than a rising curve and all the knowledge we have acquired has not appreciably changed human behavior. The appalling increase in automobile fatalities is cited by way of warning of what is taking place. In 1928 they numbered 27,500. Preliminary figures for 1929 indicate a total of more than 30,000, as large, perhaps, as the number killed in the American army during the world war. The implication is that in spite of all the traffic lights, laws and ordinances, consideration for the well-being of others, their lives and their property, is rapidly and alarmingly becoming a dead letter.

Nor are we meeting the shock of civilization, the struggle and disappointments of the crowded existence in which most of us find ourselves, with the hardihood of spirit and serenity of mind that are the gifts of a soul at peace. The rising line depicting the advance of degenerative diseases summarizes the record of dismal and disturbing failure.

Perhaps there is a larger moral to be drawn from this actuarial survey. Science has enormously increased our common stock of knowledge. It has provided us with weapons to fight off attacks from without but in the aggregate it seems to have had little effect in persuading us to strengthen the citadel of our existence from within. It has, in other words, given us bath-tubs and demonstrated the virtues of cleanliness, but it cannot supply the stimulus which prompts us to bathe. The psychologists and psychoanalysts have been groping for the motivating source of human conduct which, if discovered, would enable us to chart the ideal scientific existence, but behavior has not yet yielded the secret of its origin to the microscope and the test-tube. It has not been able to prove the deleterious effects of theft by its own standards of measurement or to develop a protoplasmic brotherly love. The actuarial records of the insurance companies tell a disconcerting story but it is nevertheless a story of results, not of causes.

Wisdom cannot be injected like a serum nor can virtue be transplanted like a bacteriological culture. Nevertheless we are trying harder than ever to mold conduct from without and by appeal, even by compulsion, attempting to bring behavior into conformity with fixed standards. We are endeavoring to establish by covenant the virtue of peace, a quality of the soul that cannot be compressed into treaty formulas. We are engaged in establishing sobriety by statute and discovering that it cannot be done. Even Dr. Cook, who hopes that science will eventually supply us with the convictions which alone are effective in shaping our

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conduct, is obliged to admit that so far it has not been done. For we are still very much like our forefathers who fallaciously assumed that by making gaiety on the Sabbath a crime they were inculcating reverence for the Lord. It cannot be done now as it could not be done then. Some sections of the country have learned this truth but recognition of its application to such statutes as the prohibition amendment falls far short of universality. When it is completely understood and generally accepted, we may begin to expect that Volsteadism will disappear.

Most of the movements for social reform usually wind up with the realization, as the insurance companies have done, that there are only two avenues of effective effort open. One is education and the other is the development of a body of ideals or convictions which will constitute the well-springs of right conduct. And the two are much the same thing. The impulse to good behavior and right living must come from within. It cannot be grafted upon the individual by scientific formula or legislative decree. But the mere recognition by so matter-of-fact an agency as an insurance company that something of the kind is necessary to our material progress gives rise to the hope that it will be considered, not as an academic problem far above the rush and confusion of day-to-day existence, but as something which should be effectively and promptly dealt with here and now.

INSOLVENT AUSTRIA

By G. HIRSCHFELD

AT THE Hague conference Great Britain, France and Italy proposed that all claims of the former Allied powers for Austrian reparations be wiped out. In turn it was asked that Austria should cancel all her claims for indemnification regarding property which belonged to the former Austro-Hungarian government and which fell to Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia. It might be added that both demand and counter-demand are based on largely imaginary values inasmuch as neither one nor the other have been definitely fixed. The question of reparations was brought up when the Treaty of Saint Germain of September 9, 1919 established Austria's war guilt, but in view of the utterly helpless economic as well as political condition of this country it was impossible to estimate Austria's earning power, let alone her ability to pay reparations. The solution of the indemnification problem was rendered more difficult and complicated because war claims and counter-claims were widely diffused among the nations in eastern Europe. Austria is quite willing to accept the proposal although there is hope that she may be able to collect from the succession states which show a fine economic development and a favorable trade balance. The Allies are well aware of the futility of collecting anything at all from Austria in the next ten or fifteen years, thus they might just as well call off the whole party. But here the Little Entente enters into the picture.

If the former Allies cancel Austria's debt, Hungary might ask for the same privilege. On the other hand, Hungary has steadfastly refused to discuss property terms if her own demands on Roumania, in connection with the confiscation of the former Hungarian property, are not satisfied first. If we turn to Roumania, we find that this country is against wiping out the Austrian debt because she is afraid of setting thereby a precedent in her dealings with Hungary. Roumania would probably accept the Allied proposal if her claims against Bulgaria and Hungary would be settled satisfactorily. Bulgaria in the meantime has accepted a tentative plan (reached at Paris) for annual payments to the former Allies amounting to about $2,300,000; and these claims were by no means the only ones to threaten the successful conclusion of the negotiations at the Hague conference. Nevertheless such events offer a good vantage point from which to consider the actual economic condition of Austria. Such a discussion may also illuminate to a certain extent the so-called "boiling-pot" of central Europe and to chart the undercurrents which are of such decisive influence upon the further peaceful development of its nations.

The Austrian republic, which through the Treaty of Saint Germain has been transformed from the Austrian-Hungarian monarchy with a population of more than 52,000,000 into a republic counting only 6,500,000 people with its capital representing a little less than one-third of the total Austrian population, is guided in its development mainly by two factors. One is based on the commercial interests of the Danube valley, the other on the political feeling which may be described as strictly German. It would seem clear that a country whose natural resources have been cut off almost entirely, which has a large capital yet at the same time practically no hinterland, cannot for long endure an artificial life. That its existence is based on artificial ground seems to be proven by the fact that loan after loan is taken up abroad not so much for the development of domestic resources but rather for the most urgent needs of life. True, Germany has also had to rely on foreign loans but such recourse was had merely to surmount temporary difficulties; in the meantime Germany has developed her commerce, trade and industry to such a degree that one might well speak of an independent and self-sustaining Germany once more. It is not so with Austria. Austria cannot exist on her own resources, and sooner or later the alternative will have to be decided upon: Danube federation or a German-Austrian union.

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Impartial opinion seems to favor a Danubian federation between (at least) Austria, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. But national antagonisms exist. Czecho-Slovakia wants Prague as the commercial and financial centre of the federation; it is maintained, and not unjustly, that Prague was once such a centre and has been robbed of its predominance by the central-European bloc, formed by Germany and Austria. Of course Austria wants Vienna as the key-point of the federation. And even if the federation is formed, there is Italy holding the Adriatic outlets with Trieste and Fiume; and what good is a Danubian federation without access to the sea? Italy would not be willing to join such a customs union, one of her reasons being the fact that her claims on Austria are not settled yet.

The main task in earlier economic and financial history was to keep Austria alive. Her production of food stuffs was not sufficient to feed her population, while her industries had lost a good deal of the former inland markets. In addition, many new industries had been established in the succession states and high protective tariffs prevented Austrian commodities from being marketed in central Europe. A total debt of about $121,000,000 resulted from imports of food and raw material during the first years following the armistice. A funding agreement was signed in London in June, 1928, which provided for forty yearly instalments beginning in 1929. Separate negotiations have been initiated with the United States Treasury with the result that the Austrian debt (some $24,000,000) has been settled on the same basis.

The turning-point came in October, 1922, when the reconstruction scheme of the League of Nations was signed, thereby transforming into attractive investment business what formerly was more or less in the nature of international relief action. This reconstruction scheme was characterized by four points of primary importance: 1. Creation of an independent central bank; 2. stabilization of the existing national currency; 3. flotation of a foreign reconstruction loan; and 4. restoration of the budgetary equilibrium. The actual proceeds of the reconstruction loan amounted to $130,000,000.

The League of Nations's control over the Austrian finances was terminated June 30, 1926. In the meantime a second national loan has been decided upon for purely productive purposes amounting to $100,000,000 for the extension and improvements of railroads, postal and telegraph service.

Austrian industry is composed of about 750 industrial enterprises of which 515 are representing the bulk of the capital invested. The issued share capital of the latter is approximately $140,000,000, while the combined amount of share capital and reserve funds is $215,000,000. The distribution of the industry, however, is such that about three-fourths of the companies under consideration, if measured by both number and capital, are established in Vienna.

The issue of the war entailed a political transformation of central Europe. The former economic system as represented by the Austrian-Hungarian monarchy was disintegrated in 1918 and the various portions now form parts of seven states. Apparently it is true that Austria has been left as an economic torso. While some branches of industry did not exist at all or had been developed insufficiently before the birth of the present Austria, the output of other industries was overwhelmingly dependent on foreign markets. The rate of the exportable output of industries is in some branches as low as 25 percent, but in quite a few others as high as 80 and even 90 percent. The tariff walls erected all around Austria forestall a free and undisturbed development of foreign trade; on the other hand, there is no domestic market to speak of. Where is then the outlet for Austria's surplus goods? Instead of the Danube valley which should offer the greatest possibilities, this outlet is the German market, thus creating another joint between the big and the small brother. The increase in exports to Germany is proportionately more rapid than that in imports from Germany, although the latter still surpass by more than 50 percent the Austrian business.

Aside from purely economic considerations the ties between Germany and Austria are manifold. In fact Germany is about the only friend of a nation surrounded by everything else but well-wishers. The annexation of Austria would probably have been effected long ago if Germany had been stronger economically, and if France had refused any such thing. In fact, the Treaty of Versailles stipulates that

> Germany acknowledges and will strictly respect the independence of Austria, that this independence shall be inalienable except with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations.

Inasmuch as the union is not possible officially, it is tried unofficially; these efforts consist of the concession of commercial privileges on the part of Germany, the simplification of frontier and passport regulations, the standardization of laws and judicial methods between Austria and Germany, the connecting of educational institutions, fairs and exhibitions, and many other activities of an official, semi-official or private nature.

In view of this ever more intimate relationship it is not surprising that the neighbor nations are becoming alarmed. Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, proposes tariff reciprocity and even a Danubian customs union, the disadvantages of which have been shown above. Italy is more lenient with the German language in Tyrol (which does not eliminate, however, the memory of the earlier reckless policy of Italianizing the Tyrolese Germans). Poland, Jugoslavia and Roumania are showing more sympathy with and understanding of the Austrian dilemma; only France stands aside and is irreconcilable. But while the other nations try to be as friendly as one could expect under the circumstances, they certainly do not take any practical steps to help Austria out of the hole; neither do they

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lower their tariff walls, nor do they offer anything in the way of debt cancellation.

Imagine the consternation of Italy losing through an annexation the buffer state and getting into direct touch with the German frontier; or Czecho-Slovakia at the mercy of the enlarged German republic, enclosed from north, west and south. The German districts of Czecho-Slovakia, Bohemia and Moravia would want to follow the example of Austria and form part of Germany. And France, through this tremendous accumulation of power by a large central-European bloc, would find herself hopelessly outclassed and estranged from Poland.

If two nations want a union, it will be realized sooner or later and cannot be prevented for all time. At any rate, this threatening annexation gives a very efficient and convincing argument to either Germany or Austria. There are two ways of effecting the union: one by unanimous consent of the League of Nations, which is highly improbable as long as France holds a seat in the Council; the other by the power of military or economic formations. While the former is very doubtful in view of the almost complete disarmament of Germany and Austria, the latter way is almost bound to present itself. European history has so far been made by balancing and counterbalancing powerful combinations, and we can observe already that the economic constellations of the period shortly after the war do not hold true any more. Great Britain is once in a while pulling on the German end of the string; France and Italy show signs of growing competition, in political, military, naval and purely commercial affairs. Germany, right in the middle of the European continent, is and probably will always be a power which has to be taken into consideration by any nation no matter how large and powerful. And it is not so impossible that sooner or later a new economic group will be closely formed around this central-European bloc.

If it really comes to a German annexation of Austria it will just be the logical consequence of self-adjustment growing out of impossible economic conditions formed and created by the peace treaty. The former Allied powers will have themselves to blame for the formation of a strong central-European bloc. May it be hoped that this development, rather than left to explosive expression, will be carefully guided by intelligent diplomatic planning.

THIRTY-THREE NATIONS AT SCHOOL

By PHILIP L. BOARDMAN

"THE Geneva School of International Studies: Professor Alfred Zimmern, director. Program of the sixth session (July—August, 1929): Eight weeks devoted to the relation of the following subjects to the study of international affairs: geography, history, economics, law, sociology, literature and art, philosophy and politics." These were the simple facts of the prospectus. But when I saw for the first time the 120 individuals of thirty-three nationalities who composed the student body, my impressions were very complex. In the Conservatory of Music, where the School had its quarters, I heard a babel of familiar and foreign languages and saw a confused parade of entirely strange faces. I thought that I recognized a pure Turkish type, but he proved to be an Englishman. And when American-looking students with shell-rimmed glasses turned out to be Czechs and Poles and fair-haired Scandinavians became Americans, I renounced any casual attempts to distinguish nationalities. However, this conglomerate assortment of human beings was divided by dozens and fifteens among various boarding-houses in Geneva, and by dint of living and eating with one of these small groups I soon became acquainted with individuals.

The characteristics which first brought them to my attention were sometimes more striking and amusing than fundamental. Thus, in the boarding-house we distinguished the two Italian students as the young men who, with slight knowledge of English and French, bowed and smiled good-naturedly to everyone and were nearly always late to meals. The Germans I recognized, one, by a most peculiar clicking noise which his jaw made when chewing, and the other, by prodigious snores and groans when sleeping, which accomplishment soon forced his Norwegian room-mate to petition the landlady for another room. The two Poles were the inseparable young men who played the piano alternately all day long and enlivened the boarding-house with music and song.

Others of the group showed only passive traits at first, such as the Swede who merely resembled the Prince of Wales, or the young Irishman whose pleasant accent and auburn hair were his passport. As to the English girls, one was continually putting the dominions in their proper places, while the other merely gushed about everything from howling infants to world politics. Finally, there were three Americans: a girl with good looks and slight western twang in speech, a middle-aged teacher with complete ignorance of French, and I.

Such was the group that sat around one big table and ate the continental breakfast of café au lait, bread, butter and jam before going to the School on the first day. In the opening lecture we heard Professor Zimmern tell of the purpose for founding the School: how it grew out of the great war though not in a mere sentimental sense. By its location in Geneva, the greatest political laboratory in the world, and by the

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scientific study of international affairs, it aims to create in each country an élite of students who have vision in world problems and understanding of one another. For, as Professor Zimmern said in closing, the greatest difficulty in the world today is not lack of good-will but the prevalence of ignorance and stupidity.

With this simple introduction, the eight weeks of international life and studies began. The Conservatory's accustomed sounds of vocal and instrumental efforts were replaced by reverberations from lectures, discussions, arguments and conversations on world problems. The main concert hall was used for formal lectures and debates while practice rooms were invaded by small seminar and discussion groups. During the first week geography was the main topic and two outstanding professors, a Frenchman and an Englishman, explained in their respective languages the physical foundation of present-day problems. The second week was devoted to attacking these problems from the historical standpoint, and so on, week by week, for the rest of the subjects named in the prospectus. Professor Zimmern's difficult task was to relate each week's work to that of the preceding one and to synthesize the detailed treatment of special problems with a broad understanding of world problems in general. But I must leave here the account of studies and lectures, for no one article could do them all justice, and, furthermore, I wish to tell about the incidents and escapades which did not figure on the official program.

For example, from time to time there were interesting breaks in the customary proceedings at lectures. One week it happened that a speaker made some passing comments about the "intellectual innocence" of the Fascisti movement. At the word "Fascism" the Italian students came sharply to attention, and at "intellectual innocence" they jumped to their feet in a body shouting, "No, no! It's not true! It's not true! Nous ne sommes pas innocents!" They wished to enlarge on this refutation immediately but were finally persuaded by the chairman to resume silence.

Another amusing incident was caused by a mere word. One of the geographers insisted continually in his lectures on what he termed the "momentum" of a people, that is, its traditions, history and physical environment. Nearly everyone was puzzled by this use of the word, especially those to whom English was a foreign language, and discussions about its exact meaning took place for days. "Momentum" finished by becoming a password of the school. So several weeks later when another lecturer innocently used this word in an ordinary sense, a veritable storm of laughter came from the audience. The speaker was quite nonplussed and wondered what unfortunate break he had made until Professor Zimmern set things right by explaining the special connotations which surrounded this word.

At the lectures from day to day there naturally accumulated many questions and contradictions on the part of the students. These reactions were given a public airing at what was called the general discussion, a two-hour séance held every Friday afternoon. Here the speakers of the week were put on trial and bombarded with questions. It was most amusing for me on these occasions to note the striking contrast in the different national manners of addressing the speakers. The French students, and others who spoke in French, were always most formal and polite. They never began otherwise than this, "Je voudrais demander à Monsieur le Professeur X s'il pense que. . . ." The English students also used the third person but were slightly less formal: "Professor X said in his lecture that. . . . I should like to ask him whether he thinks that. . . ." But when an American got up he just asked bluntly, "I want to know what you meant by saying. . . ."

No matter what form of salutation was used, the accepted etiquette for the questioner at these general discussions was that he ask a question, and this as briefly and clearly as possible. Any lengthy commentary of personal opinions or grievances was considered entirely out of place. However, from the very first several talkative individuals came to light who could not ask the simplest question without a rambling ten-minute preface of personal opinions. Professor Zimmern, as presiding chairman, thus had plenty of chance to develop an admirable technique for handling these situations. He would wait until the supposed questioner had talked for several minutes without using any rising inflection in his voice and then would cough apologetically. If this had no effect, Zimmern would ask, depending on the individual case, either: "Mais est-ce que vous arrivez à une question?" or, "Are you going to ask a question?" or, "Haben sie eine frage?" Although on certain occasions all three hints would be needed, the inevitable result was that the erring questioner was constrained to part with his question and reluctantly give up the floor.

But there was one classic occasion on which events took a different turn. The Italian students had a great many argumentative questions to ask at a certain general discussion, but these were all very skilfully answered to the lecturer's advantage and this disgruntled the questioners, so at last their leader got up and began an energetic defense of the intellectuality of Fascist politics. Five minutes of oratory passed without any sign of a question and the audience began to stir in anticipation of excitement. Another minute passed, then Professor Zimmern made his French remark about questions. This hint passed unheeded and the tirade went on with increasing vigor. Professor Zimmern repeated his remark in English and then in German, but these had no more effect than the French version. Finally, he arose and demanded forcibly, "Have you a question to ask? If not, please give the floor to some one else!" This time the descendent of the ancient Romans understood but he refused the chance to justify his speech with a lame

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question. He said dramatically, "No, I haven't any question. I just wanted to talk!" and sat down amid the great astonishment and delight of the audience.

On Wednesday evenings the concert hall had a chance to recover from such bilingual orgies and regain a bit of its true atmosphere. Through the efforts of Mrs. Zimmern a series of excellent concerts was provided for us. She presided at these occasions and impressed upon us her conviction that music appreciation is just as essential to world peace as is the study of international problems. We welcomed this change in our weekly program and attended the concerts more willingly than certain of the lectures. Once, however, when we came with the intention of listening to an evening of music, we were informed that the program consisted of chorus singing and that we were the chorus. There was more consternation than enthusiasm in our ranks at first, but under Mrs. Zimmern's capable and insistent guidance we gradually became self-expressive. Occasional discords did occur, though, and after a particularly unfortunate one she exhorted, "If you can't sing in harmony or feel the rhythm of a piece of music, you don't have polyphonic souls, and if you don't have polyphonic souls you can never understand world problems." The final results of the evening were that our very heterogeneous group did unite with pleasure in singing some English folk-song and the American classic, Old Black Joe. But "polyphonic souls" was destined to remain with us and, like "momentum," became a byword of the School.

With a hundred memorable adventures to enliven international studies, the summer passed rapidly and the final lecture of the course was soon at hand. A tremendous ovation greeted Professor Zimmern when he appeared on the platform to make his farewell address, and when he had finished even greater demonstrations broke forth. Finally, with appropriate speeches in French, German and English, the students presented the Zimmerns with three gifts as tokens of their appreciation for the difficult task which they had successfully completed. In Professor Zimmern's review of the summer's work there were two outstanding thoughts. One, that all the detailed problems of Europe and America which the eminent specialists had so capably treated during eight weeks were overshadowed by the great question of Asia. "There is a race between the understanding of the East and a world catastrophe," he said. The other was a sincere wish that the qualities of equality, frankness and good manners which pervaded the School should be extended by the students to a larger field of action and that they become missionaries of the culture of true international understanding and sympathy.

The note of seriousness and even sadness felt at this farewell assembly was dispersed later in the evening when all of us went to the famous café, Brasserie Bavaria, and drank good Munich beer. Soon after this final celebration we scattered to the thirty-three nations from which we had come. The farewells took place amid a general exchange of addresses, photographs, and invitations to visit one another in all parts of the world: Australia, Warsaw, Rome, China, New York, Bombay, Paris, Berlin or London. But no matter where two students of the 1929 summer session may meet in the future, we shall certainly greet each other in this manner. One will ask expectantly, "Momentum?" and the other will eagerly reply, "Polyphonic souls!" Then both of us will shake hands warmly and chorus, "Vive Bavaria!"

The Last Day

Now, skulls, rise from the hills, your hour is come.
Clavicles, digits, shin-bones, vertebrae.
And as a drummer-boy resumes his drum
Take up again your hearts familiarly.

Stand up like men, you rib-cases, you thighs,
Leap to your sockets, hip and humerus.
Put on your strength of tendons. In the skies
A light is coming. You must be valorous.

Put on that armor white you knew so well
Which though as soft as leather stood you by
In life's brief tournament until you fell.
It now will take reflection from the sky.

Rise out of hills, rise out of fields, rise from
Marshes and garden plots where no one knew
Anyone could be crouching in a tomb.
Rise from the graveyards green, from oceans blue.

The world you find will never strike you strange.
You know it from its roof down to its rut.
But all of it has suffered a sea-change.
Somehow a charm is lost. You can't say what.

That mighty bulk, the huge department store
Shines with its lights still brilliant, like a ship
Ready to sink beneath the ocean floor
And drown its myriad eyes on its last trip.

Ten thousand miles of trains and trolley-cars
Stand in their tracks as if an armistice—
An armistice that really ends all wars—
Had just arrived. What victory is this?

Our bones stand now like an army on review.
Mankind at last is marshaled to discipline.
I wonder where this army is marching to!
They have no banners. What are they going to win?

In usual war those who are cowards flee—
Unless machine-guns whip them from behind—
Those who are brave go on courageously
And win the war and then fall out of mind.

This battle-front is solid. No one stirs.
No ankle-bone is moved. They all are chained.
Here is the last fight of all warriors.
Here is the battle lost, or the battle gained.

Some weep; their tears are joy. Some weep a tear
That turns the cheek to chalk. No battle-dread
To their most terrible terror ere came near.
Stand up, ye bones. Your heaven is overhead.

DANIEL SARGENT.

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NEGRO EDUCATION

By JOHN T. GILLARD

Though the status of the Negro is being more widely discussed than ever before, there is considerable misunderstanding of the agencies working for his advancement. The development of Catholic schools for colored students is a particular instance of public failure to keep abreast of events. The Reverend John T. Gillard has collected a great deal of information regarding the matter, some of which is crystallized in the following paper. He concludes that considering the magnitude of the problem "Catholic attempts to help the Negro educationally seem pitiably weak."—The Editors.

ONE of the disconcerting things about current literature on the Negro is the consistent inaccuracy of statistics on the work of the Catholic Church in behalf of the Negro. Most writers assume that she is doing nothing, while such as occasionally do notice her work are inaccurate and misleading. The fault is our own because we have no definite body of accurate information which would serve as a source book.

The writer has prepared such a source book (The Catholic Church and the American Negro) and it is now in the hands of the printer. The immediate release of a few of the facts would seem to be timely and pertinent in view of the misinformation disseminated by a recent Reference List of Private and Denominational Southern High Schools and Colleges, issued by the trustees of the John F. Slater Fund (occasional papers, number 20, 1929) and not a little current editorial comment.

The Reference List has for its purpose "to give the exact name, location and the affiliation of private and denominational institutions reporting some high school or higher work." The figures for the session 1928-1929 are summarized as follows: all branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 38; of the Presbyterian, 32; Baptist, 60; Congregational, 18; Episcopal, 7; Catholic, 5; others, 26.

The questionnaires returned to me during the preparation of the book referred to reveals a situation quite different from that indicated in the Reference List. The Catholic Church has thirty-eight institutions reporting some high school or higher work: fourteen full-course, state-approved high schools, fourteen full-course high schools which have not yet received state approval, and ten high schools which are as yet incomplete, the courses varying from one to three years. The schools in the last group are in process of development and likely will have a complete course within the next five or six years—two already have three-year courses; four, a two-year course, and four have recently started with the first year. The high schools of the second group (those not yet approved by the state) have not been accredited chiefly because of insufficient laboratory or library equipment—which is not strange if one considers the financial outlay such equipment involves. Six are boarding schools, eight offer vocational training, practically all offer commercial training, while the children of two institutions receive instructions in outside high schools.

These thirty-eight Catholic high schools for Negroes are spread over seventeen states, twenty archdioceses and dioceses, and are located in thirty-four cities and towns, only three being located in northern cities. The faculties are taken from ten sisterhoods, while two schools are conducted by priests, and two by lay teachers who also are employed in six of the institutions conducted by priests or sisters.

Xavier College, New Orleans, Louisiana, and Saint Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, are the only two Catholic representatives in the field of higher education for Negroes. The latter is the seminary conducted by the Fathers of the Divine Word for the education of colored candidates for the priesthood, and is yet in the incipient stage. Xavier is the only Catholic lay college in the country for Negroes. It is conducted and supported by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

It was in response to the urgent request of Most Reverend James Blenk, S.M., D.D., late archbishop of New Orleans, that the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament took up the work of educating the colored youth of that city. The buildings which had been vacated by Southern University upon its removal to Baton Rouge, in 1912, were purchased and renovated, and in September, 1915, the high school department of Xavier was formally opened. Since then over three hundred have received its diplomas of graduation.

In September, 1917, in connection with the high school, a normal department was opened to prepare students for the teaching profession. In 1925 this department expanded into a Teachers' College, and at the same time a College of Liberal Arts was opened and a pre-medical course was added.

At present the College includes a four-year standard course, a School of Pharmacy, and a high school. Extension courses for teachers are included in the college program. The enrolments for the several divisions (according to the latest bulletin at hand) are as follows: college, 37; high school, 264; extension courses, 28. The School of Pharmacy enrolled 15. The first class was graduated from the college department in June, 1928, when three young men and two young women received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. This past year seven women and two men received their degrees.

The president of Xavier College is the Reverend Edward G. Brunner, S.S.J. The Dean and responsible administrative head is Sister M. Francis, S.B.S. Phil-

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osophy and apologetics are taught by the Reverend Edward V. Casserly, S.S.J. The faculty consists of five Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament and six lay teachers, also a registrar and librarian.

With justice the Survey of Negro Colleges and Universities, published by the United States Department of the Interior (Bureau of Education Bulletin, 1928, number 7) speaks of Xavier College in terms of praise:

> A careful study of the facts presented in this report [on Xavier] and the observations made at the college, lead the survey committee to believe that Xavier College is rendering a needy service worthy of continued support.

Incidentally, it is worthy of note that this entire venture in Catholic education of Negroes is financed by the Reverend Mother Katherine Drexel, Superioress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

Ten years ago a Catholic colored layman, speaking before a section of the Catholic Educational Association, could justly complain that

> It gives me the greatest apprehension as to the future development of our colored people from the Catholic view-point that there should be just one standard high school in a population of 250,000 faithful, striving souls, and not a single college.

Considering the ever-present financial handicaps under which the workers on the colored missions are laboring, the record of Catholic high school development in the past ten years represents a remarkable achievement. It would be manifestly unfair to make strict comparison between Catholic colored high school achievement and that of secular and sectarian educational agencies. Given the millions of dollars which are pouring into public and denominational schools of the South, the Catholic high school undoubtedly would be a success. Hampered as it is by the necessity of competing with these millions of dollars, its progress, by comparison, must seem meagre and slow. Where, for instance, have the missioners been able to rely on the stimulus, encouragement, and financial assistance of special funds, such as those of the General Education Board, the Ann T. Jeannes Fund, the John F. Slater Fund, the Julius Rosenwald Funds, the Du Pont gifts, the Duke gifts, the numerous other special funds and donations founded by generous-minded men for the promotion of secular and sectarian education among the Negroes?

So far, all Catholic attempts to help the Negro educationally seem pitiably weak considering the magnitude of the problem and the efforts put forth by others. In the field of private and personal endeavor but one Catholic name is outstanding—nowhere has the American Negro found a more practical and unselfish friendship than that which is being given by Mother Katherine Drexel and Mrs. Edward Drexel Morrel. Their charities, representing their fortunes, and amounting to millions, are the only worthwhile constructive efforts put forth by individual Catholics for the education of the Negroes.

TREES

By AGEE HAYS

THE three gaunt cows lumbered into their bare corral of matted branches. Marguerita ran to pull up the greyed poles and waited eagerly.

Carlos, coming behind, took off the tall sombrero and pulled his fingers over its brown discolored streaks. Marguerita's mouth tightened. She turned away.

It was not the first time he had failed when everything depended on his winning. And, now again, they would have tortillas and bad coffee, and Marguerita's thin face would be sad, until another hope—

Another hope! He would tell her about the big one! So close, now. What else mattered!

"So many were after the job," he explained slowly. "You see he couldn't make caretakers of all of us."

He lifted little Pancho and absently patted his soft tanned cheek. María wrapped thin arms like snakes around her father's knee.

Marguerita sank to the step of the adobe and looked out at the empty clay oven. "But we are hungry."

"We can always have milk," ventured Carlos. "I don't sell half. And the new milk man is making things worse. Think! He brings milk in bottles!"

Marguerita glanced up quickly. "He can't get far. How do people know his milk is good when they can't see him milk it? And who knows how fresh it is? Such a way! Surely you, driving your cows to milk them at the door as a man should, will win."

Carlos nodded. "But, milking—that isn't what we want. Wasn't it always our hope that I should some day be head mozo at Don Guillermo's big ranch?" Tiredness slipped off like an old blanket. "Today old Assunción who has always been head mozo, says he is too old. Don Guillermo is having him quit, and still giving him money enough to live! Just imagine, Marguerita, head mozo! Only once comes such a chance. You with three dresses! And Pancho and María with dulces! Frijoles and meat! Why, we've waited all our lives for it, and you remember that Don Guillermo, long ago, almost promised it to me!"

Marguerita lifted her head and smiled. "When will he hire this new mozo?"

"Tomorrow evening. Assunción told me. I'm going to see him as soon as I finish milking in the morning. I'll leave the cows eating grass by the river."

In the morning, Marguerita and Pancho and María followed Carlos behind the bony, long-horned cows. They walked through the dust of the narrow camino to the place where the many-headed cactus trees hunched like a thorny wall at the corner of the village. Then, they told him goodby. Carlos wore his best red blanket draped across his shoulders. Beneath it, his ragged trousers bagged.

"I'll get new pants and a new sombrero," he laughed, "so Don Guillermo will think I look already like head mozo."

Marguerita nodded. "Do you think Juan García will get the job? He has always wanted it, too."

"Juan García?" Carlos shrugged lightly and the wrinkles in his lean face pulled up, "But, no! Surely tomorrow you will be the wife of the head mozo!"

Carlos hurried the cows and beat on his pan at each door impatiently, until some of his customers complained that their cups held too much froth. He slowed, then. It was always this way: milking a little and going on; beating on a pan and

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waiting until women and children and old men came out with cups; then milking a little and going on.

In his new trousers and clean sombrero, Carlos folded the blanket grandly about him and walked to Don Guillermo. The Don was round and dark with a big moustache. For years he had known of Carlos's desire.

He rose and bowed fatly. "Yes, Carlos, at last I need a new head mozo. Juan García is already here asking for the place. I'm not sure which of you is best. The head mozo never works too much, himself, but he must know how. So I've told Juan to pick cotton in the big field. You start in beside him and we'll see."

Carlos walked with Don Guillermo out through the palms and yuccas, past the rows of dwarf banana trees whose wide leaves hid the great flat fields.

Juan García was a good cotton-picker. His blue shirt was already wet where the sun had warmed his broad back. He looked suspiciously and nervously at Carlos. Across the fields were the blues and reds and whites of many peones who sang and picked indolently, little ragged children helping.

"Now, you two pick until the siesta. I shall watch."

"Carramba!" growled Juan.

Carlos had never liked Juan. He was too sullen and too determined to have what he wanted. Carlos left his blanket at the edge of the field. He took the big sack and kneeled between his two rows. At his side, he felt the sneering frown of Juan. But he smiled.

Now, the great hope! The only chance. It would come but once, for the man that got it held it until he was feeble and that would be too long for Carlos to wait.

The soft white cotton hung from the bursting bolls like puffs of spun sweets. Sweets the dulce men sold. Dulces for the children! Tomorrow they would have it if—if Juan. . . . Carlos glanced hurriedly at his opponent. Juan was picking madly, with both hands, dragging his knees slowly and steadily down the row. Carlos jerked his sack and grasped the white bunches. He must show Don Guillermo. The warm sun pressed down harder. Harder.

Carlos looked over the space they had covered. A few white bits left in his rows. He sped for them and stuffed them into the sack. He saw Don Guillermo, in the shade, mark on a card. Was it that the ranchero liked having it done clean, or had he marked it a waste of time? Juan had gained. On his knees Carlos picked wildly. Black and white spots the shape of cotton bolls flickered before him. Juan breathed hoarsely a few feet ahead. A good picker, Juan. What if—?

Old Asunción at the hacienda was ringing the campanilla. In five minutes, siesta. Carlos looked quickly over the field. Juan was still close, too close, swearing breathlessly, grunting, champing, picking, picking. Carlos's knees ached. He'd filled one more sack, he thought, than Juan. No time to count, now. Blindly he picked. . . . Marguerita. . . . Pancho! . . . María. . . ! With a frenzied lunge, Carlos finished ahead of Juan. Happily and painfully he straightened. Don Guillermo was walking down the row behind them, holding a card and fingering his moustache.

Head mozo! Carlos grinned anxiously down at Don Guillermo. Juan's eyes stabbed Carlos. The Don looked at the two piles of sacks.

"After siesta," he said, "come to the casa. I must think. I'll let you know, then."

No work, of course, during siesta. Carlos dropped to his blanket under a gnarled old mesquite tree, and looked up at the smooth blue heat.

"Diós" he prayed, "Santa María!" He must get it. He must. He looked across the dotted fields and thought of the barren cactus-covered desert beyond.

In some countries, trees grew straight and high toward the sun, all their branches reaching straight like palm trunks. Carlos closed his eyes.

The slow sun had, at last, left the centre of the dull still orb above. Juan was walking toward the house. Carlos rose quickly, hating to go beside him, not wanting to stay behind.

At the gate a frothing pony drooped a tired head. Its bridle was made of many-colored rings. Its blanket was bright. Under a grass-thatched roof, Don Guillermo sat with a young man who wore a red sash and a purple, light sarape thrown carelessly across his shoulders. His flat sombrero fastened under his chin like a young don's. He had come on the pony.

Anxiously, madly impatient, Carlos rolled brown cigarettes and threw them away half smoked. Juan shifted feverishly and glared out across the fields.

Oh, Diós! Santa María! To be head mozo!

When Don Guillermo strolled toward them, he still talked to the stranger. He bowed to Carlos and Juan and reached into his pocket.

"A peseta, hombres, for your work," he said graciously, handing them each a coin. "I had thought to take Carlos, but this, my nephew, has asked. He can write and keep accounts also. So he is my new head mozo."

Carlos drove his cows through the lazy quiet homeward. He glared bitterly at his new trousers with the dusty knees. Never, now—the new mozo was too young. In weary dejection, he poked the nearest cow. To pay for these things, he would have to—to sell more milk. Slowly his shoulders straightened. Why had he not thought of it before? He would beat that queer new milk man. Tomorrow he would work for customers! The gleam of new aspiration in his eyes drew up the corners of his mouth. He must hurry to tell Marguerita!

Carlos half-smiled at the dwarfed old mesquites beside the road. Why was it that their twisted branches seemed so foolishly to strain up and down, up and down—never growing tall?

To a Very Modern Young Woman

(Doubtfully)

Your desk is genuine Louis Seize:
Your pens inhabit crystal trays,
And I confess I covet those
Gorgeous tip-tilted flamingoes
Carved of rose-quartz. Some canny old
Chinese had reasoned well enough
This deep transparent sunset stuff
Would show them at their solemn capers
Over a mirror pool: he caught
Their antic pose, the incredible way
They wore the cloud: he saw them so
At evening in a vague Cathay. . . .
For this was very long ago.
Here is his art: here, what he thought
Of the strange creatures that now hold
Captive your tossed irrelevant papers.
. . . This is your letter-writing day?
You always do the thing you ought?
Take up your pen of slender gold
And write.
But what have you to say?

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

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SANTO TOMAS AT MANILA

By M. DE GRACIA CONCEPCION

IN THE old days, students of physics at Santo Tomas were merely required to memorize the rules and principles, while the shining laboratory devices were to be seen only as objects of admiration. Yet they were scholars in their way—strong for the past—for the classics, but knowing not of contemporary life. They were immersed in the arts, and ankle-deep in the sciences. They were taught the art of living but scarcely the practical application.

Intellectual rewards were not to be denied them, even in Spain. Clerical scholars have made their mark from the walls of Santo Tomas—Cabinet officers of His Majesty's government have been contributed as well as officers holding high commands in the Spanish army. There has been no lack of thinkers and poets and writers in the Castilian tongue, whose works have elicited the recognition of the Spanish Royal Academy even when the sentiments they expressed were for the Islands.

And what was stranger still was the eminent part played by these sons of the university in keeping law and order over the whole of the Philippine Archipelago when there was no Spanish government and neither was there an American government. But there was the so-called Philippine republic—and the university's alumni made it.

Founded in 1601, Santo Tomas received the coveted royal and papal decrees in 1645, thus elevating its curriculum to the stature of a university. In 1854 it assumed the full title of the Royal Pontifical University of Santo Tomas at Manila. It further widened its scope of service. By that time, it had grown immeasurably in the esteem of the country. Although there has always been a barrier between the so-called Peninsulars and Filipinos, the latter were not deterred from attendance. There were opportunities even in those autocratic days for poor students to be capped and gowned. Many of these won glory, Apolinario Mabini being the foremost example. The maturity of the university had been reached; it was now of equal standing with any in Spain. The influx of Filipino students to Spain was greatest from that time on to the close of the Spanish government. This was due to the growing cleavage of interests between the governing class and the governed. And in Spain these students were free.

But in spite of all disturbances agitating the country, never did the university close its doors—not even for a day. In fact, it knew its greatest prosperity at the very time when hatreds were flying thick in revolutions. Many were its sons who were banished, garroted and shot because of liberal tendencies and ideas; because they cried for justice. Father José Burgos, for instance, and José Rizal.

The university as it is now constituted, confers doctorates in theology, philosophy, civil and canon law, literature and science, medicine and pharmacy. It possesses a splendid museum of natural history which comprises over ten thousand zoölogical specimens. The professorial staff and assistants are drawn from the ranks of the clergy for the liberal arts and sciences. Lay scholars and professors occupy the chairs in the faculties of civil law, medicine and pharmacy.

For over three hundred years Santo Tomas was a university for men only. But the institution of coeducational methods in the public schools, high schools and the University of the Philippines, gave birth to a particular problem affecting Santo Tomas and other schools of long standing. The public schools —and the University of the Philippines must be included in this category—began to draw the sons and the daughters of the best families. The turn had come for the state institutions to stand their own grounds.

And so in the past two years the Dominican fathers have been building one of the most stately and best-equipped of universities in that part of the Orient. They needed fresh air and they got that by a magnificent campus. They abandoned their long siege of 325 years in the walled city and celebrated their new-found freedom by the dedication of a building.

That dedication was made notable indeed by the breaking of traditions. Santo Tomas threw open its doors for the admission of women within its classrooms for the first time in its history, and for the first time also in the experience of any of the university's grey-haired doctors, a woman addressed them in the language of Castile.

COMMUNICATIONS

MRS. EDDY'S BIOGRAPHY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of January 15, there appeared a letter from Mr. Orwell Bradley Towne, publicity man for the Christian Science Church in New York, taking issue with an article by Michael Williams which recently appeared in your columns. Mr. Towne, who has lately been taking issue constantly with a great many editors, because of what they wrote and published concerning the remarkable activities of the Christian Science Church, made some misstatements which need to be corrected.

Mr. Towne denied, for instance, that the Christian Science Church as an organization has engaged in a boycott against any publishers, or in a campaign of suppression against any book. He insisted that all such activities (if any) were engineered by individual members of the Christian Science Church.

May I point out to you that Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of my biography of Mrs. Eddy, have a great deal of written evidence directly refuting Mr. Towne's denial? Two churches in Kansas City, for instance, wrote to Scribner's on their official stationery, directly threatening boycott if publication of my book were continued, and quoting, as their authority, their Church Manual which authorizes such a boycott against any publishing agency disobeying the Christian Science mandates.

From book-dealers all over the country Scribner's have received letters describing the threats made by official committees of the local Christian Science churches who visited these dealers and sought to dissuade them from handling, displaying, or selling my work. As the New Republic recently said editorially, in answer to a letter from Mr. Towne almost identical with the one you received from him in turn: "Mr. Towne certainly will not pretend that these various spokesmen for his church are so incompetent that one and all, in conversation or in writing, they give the impression that they are acting officially when in fact they are doing so as private individuals."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Towne's present denials of "official" boycott evidently mean only one thing. Presumably the officials of his church have suddenly sensed the obvious fact that in pursuing their policy of engineering concerted action against Scribner's and myself, they were laying themselves open to very serious charges of conspiracy, and paving the way for a suit for large damages. Hence their recent haste to assert that the at-

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tempts to suppress my work have all been made by "individuals," and to deny that the church officials played a part in inspiring this program. Nor is this all. No less a publication than Plain Talk has come forward with the editorial pronouncement that the Federal Trade Commission should investigate the activities of the Christian Science Church as constituting a conspiracy in restraint of trade. The possibility of such private and public action has evidently just come home to Mr. Towne and his officials, and well explains their frantic denials that as a church the Christian Science organization has taken any restraining or threatening action against Scribner's or retail book-dealers.

No one would grant the Christian Scientists the right to "protest" against misrepresentation any more freely than I. The right of free speech is a basic one which I would be the first to defend. I would indeed go further than granting this right, and actually urge the Christian Scientists, if they really believe what they say about my book, to produce the evidence which will prove it based on falsehoods. But the right of protest—nay, the duty to protest if facts have been misstated—has nothing to do with the right to browbeat, to threaten, to conspire, to decree what the general public shall or shall not be permitted to read.

One more point. Mr. Towne denies that the Committees on Publication of his church constitute a propaganda organization. The obvious answer is that the Committees perform the same sort of duties for their church which are performed by publicity men for big business corporations; and whether one classifies their enunciations as publicity, as propaganda, or as "information" (to use Mr. Towne's word) the result is the same. The distinguished pages of the Forum agree with those of the eminent Commonweal in classifying Mr. Towne's pronouncement as "propaganda." The Forum, in refusing to print some of the material so insistently forwarded by Mr. Towne, declared in its February issue:

"We can view Mr. Towne's demand in no other light than as a press agent's attempt to force his organization's propaganda into our editorial columns under the guise of righteous indignation."

In their own attitude toward this entire matter the editors of The Commonweal have most evidently been in general agreement with many other eminent commentators.

EDWIN FRANDEN DAKIN.

NEO-PAGANISM

Rome, Italy.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Donald Powell, in your issue for January 1, promises to be the "attentive auditor" if only "some kindly soul" will tell him why he should be "frightened over the bogy of neo-paganism." Permit me to act the part of the "kindly soul" in question, more especially as Mr. Powell confesses that he, too, may "become upset over the neo-pagan on the horizon if someone" will only inform him what the neo-pagan looks like.

It can be done in two words. The neo-pagan looks like the old scratch, his master, which is to say he is protean. But Mr. Powell makes a mistake in looking for him on the horizon. He should look underfoot. That which lingers upon the horizon, rosy with the sunset of the distant past, is the old pagan, glorious with mighty deeds, who resembles the new pagan no more than Offenbach resembles John Sebastian.

For the old paganism contained within it all that was best in the world of its time, and the best in the world of today is precisely what the new paganism leaves out. Mr. Powell's difficulty, if he will permit me to suggest that he has a difficulty, arises from his curious failure to attach sufficient significance to that little prefix, "neo." He gleans, he says, "that the old 'paganus' . . . was a decent fellow, ignorant, perhaps, an Aristotle, an Aeschylus, a Confucius, but still a reasonably decent fellow." This is good gleaning, though one need hardly sit up nights to worry over the ignorance of an Aristotle, an Aeschylus or a Confucius, since these worthies were all rather noted for knowing everything which they had a chance to know. Reasonable and decent—that describes them exactly. But when Mr. Powell goes on to glean "that the new pagan, a knowledgeable chap . . . is a jolly indecent fellow," he gleans neither so wisely nor so well. Indecent the neo-pagan often is, for carnality (in the word, since he often in the flesh is weak) he assumes as a matter of obligation. But to say that, in so far as he is truly neo-pagan, he is either knowledgeable or jolly is to do him a gross injustice. What could be less jolly than dutiful concupiscence, pursued as a theory? And as for knowledge, ignorance is the one thing which your true up-to-date pagan will have nothing else but.

For the keystone of his philosophy is that there should be nothing to interfere with the spontaneous reaction of the individual to stimuli, and it is notorious that information—more especially information which is reliable and pondered upon—interferes with these reactions, so that many an incest and murder and other artistic bit of self-expression becomes sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and loses the name of action.

If Mr. Powell does not begin to recognize the neo-pagan now, I hope he will attend to the following particulars. The neo-pagan is almost invariably a monist; he revels in the heresy of absolute immanence; he is a solipsist, who believes that he himself alone exists; he follows Spinoza in proclaiming that God alone exists; he is an atheist who says that there is no God; he makes an especial attack upon dogma, tradition, authority, discipline, self-control; he does not believe in original sin; he thinks that man "fell" when he became civilized; he is a marvelous user of words; he does not believe that words "mean" anything; he calls all opposing arguments "merely verbal"; he denies the validity of logic, and the words dialectic and common sense are to him as a red rag to a bull; he is a mechanist; he sings songs to "life" and to "nature"; he does not believe in free will; he protests that nothing should interfere with his will and his rights to do as he pleases; he denies the right of other people to do anything whatever if it does not please him; he is grossly sentimental in regard to anything which is condemned by human experience and the collective wisdom of the race; he deifies instinct; he believes that there is nothing to a man but his environment; he denies that anybody exists except as the sum of his environment brought to a focus; he denies causation; he holds that the cause of anything is the process of its occurrence.

But what he is really trying to get at is what he calls "sexual freedom," by which he means the right to disregard whatever consequences his own momentary pleasure may have upon others, or even upon himself at some future time—and this not because his own passions are violent but because they are so weak that he fears they will, in the face of any restraint sufficient to act otherwise than as an excitant, fail of all manifestations whatsoever.

If Mr. Powell objects that this picture is inconsistent with itself he should remember that the neo-pagan has lifted inconsistency above the graces, above the virtues, and made it the prime article of his creed.

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But not even the Powell gleaning may hope to discover the perfect neo-pagan. Like the perfect Christian, he is merely an ideal. Outside of lunatic asylums, the best life can offer is an occasional egomaniacs run amuck. Therefore I hesitate to repeat Mr. Powell's list of neo-pagans, which includes H. L. Mencken, "a Bernard Shaw, a George," and "Bertrand Russell." Sir Bertrand certainly comes nearest to the mark, yet not even he has succeeded in worming all traces of God's finger out of him. And as to some of the others—surely, Mr. Powell is confusing the neo-pagan with the neo-protestant, the protester against the narrow restraints of Puritanism. But this would include even Catholics—save, perhaps, these that Mr. Powell himself describes as the "Catholico-Puritan group." Perhaps these are "on the horizon." But I do hope Mr. Powell is wrong when he says that he does not think "The Commonweal is as much exercised over the ghostly shadow cast by the modern pagans as it was during the swaddling-clothes stage of its career."

HARVEY WICKHAM.

Clutier, Ia.

TO the Editor:—What does a neo-pagan look like? asks Donald Powell. Saint Paul in his epistle to the Romans tells us what was the sins of the old pagan: "So that they are inexcusable. Because that, when they knew God (from the creation of the world; He left not Himself without testimony, doing good from heaven, giving rains and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness) they have not glorified Him as God, or given thanks."

No one can deny that the neo-pagans resemble this picture of their ancient counterparts. The godless school is proof enough of this. And as: (Wisdom 13, 1.) "all men are vain, in whom there is not the knowledge of God, and who have not acknowledged Who was the Workman," no matter how decent they may seem to their fellow-men, "they are not to be pardoned" for their neglect of God. (Wisdom 13, 8.)

Anyone who reads The Commonweal may see that it strives to make people think of God, to bring Him back into the life of the nation, and hence combats neo-paganism which leaves God out of His world, ignores Him.

As Plato has written: "No state governed by mortals which ignores God has yet escaped misfortune and trouble." He who helps men know their need of God, works for their welfare.

REV. THOMAS VOPATEK.

FRANCO-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal of January 22, I read an article on Franco-American Understanding. I quote one sentence: "France hears of bootleggers, synthetic gin and whisky, poisoned alcohol, and shudders at our hypocrisy."

Possibly you have never heard of the synthetic wine made in France out of sugar, yeast and water, colored and flavored to imitate any wine. This caused so much trouble in the grape-growing districts that large bodies of soldiers had to be used to quell the riots. It was finally settled by the French government refusing to allow this synthetic wine to be sold at home—but, it could be exported. Why shudder at *our* hypocrisy?

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Women Have Their Way

MISS Le Gallienne has brought to her copious Fourteenth-Street stage another of those incomparable little plays by the Quintero brothers—and once more we can be grateful to her for providing the kind of institution where such delicious nothings can flourish and bring back to the theatre some of its native gaiety and charm.

As these plays by the Quinteros have been ably translated by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker, and are eminently suitable for amateur use, a few words about the Quinteros might be of interest. Serafin and Joaquin Quintero have chosen as their special field the lazy, peaceful, sunny and comfortable section of Spain known as Andalusia. Here they have found many of the springs of universal life untouched by the complexities of industrialism or the special problems which, from the very fact that we call them modern, must soon become dated and lifeless. In a typical Quintero play, you find yourself among people to whom the main preoccupations of life are love, jealousy, spite, gossip, good-natured interference in neighbor's affairs, poetry, song, marriage, birth, sickness, death or ripening and wise old age. They are not trying to live according to some brilliant philosopher's code of morals or conduct. The village priest is their companion and guide in most things. They remain reasonably close to the soil. Ownership of the land is a matter of course to them. The harvests, the seasons, the mosquitoes and flies are subjects of distinct and immediate concern. They know the acute pangs of homesickness when they leave their native village. They are just people.

They are not, however, simple people. The mistake of so many writers in portraying village life is to assume that people are simple in simple surroundings and complex in complex surroundings. That is why so many village plays are little more than a parade of types, monotonous in their conformity to set ideas. Instead of recognizing, for example, that there is something of the gossip in everyone, the authors pack all the essence of gossip into one person. Someone else typifies innocent young love, another rigid old age, another miserliness, another villainy and so forth. Each character might as well bear a label instead of a name, as in the morality plays. The Quinteros have avoided this tedious business by recognizing that each human being is, within himself, a miniature of the world of human beings, subject to all the temptations, and more or less alive to all the impulses, good and bad, which give life its adventurous goal.

The Women Have Their Way is an excellent example of Quintero treatment. Its theme is the power of good-natured gossip to turn an imaginary situation into a real one. Adolfo, a young lawyer from Madrid, visiting the small town on a matter of business requiring a few weeks, becomes the target for all feminine eyes. His least action, word or gesture is noted and given a fictitious meaning. He is thought to be in love with Juanita La Rosa, although, in fact, he has seen her but once on the street and has never exchanged a word with her. The more he denies any interest, the more certain the women become that he is hopelessly infatuated. If he shows indifference, they say he is wearing a clever mask. If he shows interest, they say "I told you so." No matter what he does, the women will have it that betrothal and marriage are a certainty. And—they have their way. That is all the play amounts to. Yet, in the delicacy of its shadings, and in the subtle dif-

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ferences with which gossip has its sway over individuals, you have at once the simplicity of theme and the complexity of treatment which constitute the results of rare observation and artistic workmanship. The play is an unalloyed delight.

In the Lady from Alfaqueque (at Miss Le Gallienne's) and in A Hundred Years Old (produced with Otis Skinner) we have two other recent examples of Quintero charm and effectiveness. But it seems to me that these wise and talented brothers have exhibited some of their very best qualities in The Women Have Their Way. Moreover, Miss Le Gallienne has done splendidly by the little play. She is utterly lovely and picturesque as its demure heroine, and with the able assistance of Egon Brecher, as the village priest, Leona Roberts as the chief match-maker, Donald Cameron as Adolfo and Josephine Hutchinson as one of the priest's nieces, the play swings along with an almost perfect ensemble. It is mightily worth seeing. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

The Open Door

FOLLOWING the European custom of a one-act curtain raiser, Miss Le Gallienne also gives, as a prelude to the Quintero play, this two-character sketch by Alfred Sutro. It is merely the parting conversation between a man and the wife of his best friend. The reason for his hasty departure is his discovery that he loves her. She extracts this much truth from him, and then lets him know that his love is reciprocated. They never so much as touch hands. It is one of those rare moments in the lives of two people when confession brings the strength to face an issue bravely. Miss Le Gallienne as the woman and Donald Cameron as the man go through the little scene with the utmost restraint and unspoken eloquence. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

The Rogue Song

IN THEIR full-color presentation of a Russian operetta, with music by Franz Lehar and Herbert Stothart, and the distinguished baritone, Lawrence Tibbett as the star, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have done an ambitious piece of work. So far as technical excellence goes, one must admit that enormous strides have been made. The technicolor process used gives a brilliant and harmonious effect, adding enormously to the richness and clarity of the scenes. Until one has watched a successful color screening such as this, it is hard to realize how dependent we are for visual impression upon distinctions and gradations of color, and the extent of the limitations which mere black and white impose upon a director. There is, for example, a ballet scene given in full which would be wearisome beyond measure if the color scheme did not play an equally important part with line and motion.

The sound reproduction is also startlingly clear, giving full scope to Tibbett's magnificent voice, from robust and ringing fortissimi to pianissimo passages of the rarest delicacy. In all these respects, the picture deserves the highest praise. There are also many individual scenes in which the excellent direction of Lionel Barrymore raises the dramatic intensity to a fine point. But in the sequences of the story itself, and in the details of plot and action, the producers have been guilty of a mediocrity and even of an absurdity which seem hardly possible in these exacting days. Take, for example, the alleged comedy relief supplied by the two servants of Yegor, the singing bandit. Never, perhaps, since the earliest Chaplin slapstick films have so many worn-out wheezes been resurrected—the fat man breaking through a barrel of rain water, the decrepit shaving scene, in which a razor is sharpened on a cobblestone and a face almost carved to pieces, the mule . . . but why go into further painful detail? To make matters worse, none of this burlesque has the least connection with the story. It is as out of keeping as a series of custard-pie episodes would be in such an operetta as The Vagabond King.

The main story itself grows weak and straggling toward the end, and at last becomes utterly incomprehensible. Yegor, the bandit, has fallen in love with a Russian princess (the action all takes place some years before the Bolshevik revolution) only to discover that her brother, Prince Sergei, is the one who is responsible for the disgrace and death of Yegor's own sister, Nadja. Yegor kills him, and then carries off the Princess Vera to be practically his slave in the gypsy camp. Vera succeeds in betraying him into the hands of the Cossacks who, mysteriously enough, do not hang him for having killed a prince, but merely flog him and let him go. He returns to his bandits, after the fickle Vera at last admits she loves him, and after they exchange some silly verbiage about a possible future day when class distinctions will no longer divide them. That is the end.

On the other hand, the earlier stages of the story have the true ring of romance and plenty of color and action to fill the eye. The fact that Yegor sings his way through life with improvised songs gives a plausible excuse for Tibbett's glorious voice to be heard at all times and under all conditions. In short, this production gives rather more than hints of the talking color-screen possibilities, but shows something approaching bankruptcy in script and arrangement. (At the Astor Theatre.)

Men Without Women

IN CONTRAST to the weaknesses of The Rogue Song, the recent Fox production of a submarine disaster and rescue, based on a story by John Ford and James K. McGuinness, brings out the last ounce of drama in material to which only the sound screen could do justice. You have here one of those situations of universal interest—namely the thoughts and actions of a group of men trapped in a sunken submarine and facing a slow and apparently certain death. Your first glimpse of them is in the international meeting-place, Shanghai. They are the crew of the S-13 on shore leave. Sudden orders bring them back to the ship. They are run down by a tramp steamer during a storm on the China Sea.

What follows is reminiscent, essentially, of such plays as Journey's End—the spectacle of men peering together over the precipice of death. To one it brings madness, and the young ensign, whom fate places in charge of the ship, has to shoot him. To others it brings sullen bravado, to a few the agonized courage of despair. The least incident serves to illumine more and more clearly the inwardness of each man's character—as in the battle over the oxygen tank. As the exhausted air becomes more and more poisoned, one, then two, then three of the men die. In the meantime, you watch the work of the rescuers—the destroyers speeding through the night, the frantic efforts of the divers to clear one of the torpedo tubes. Then comes the escape of those still alive, ejected by compressed air through the tube. At last only two remain. The tube can only be operated from the inside. One must stay behind—forever. It is a picture of tense and tragic interest, in which both dialogue and sound effects play an essential and creative part. The acting of Kenneth MacKenna and Frank Albertson, Farrell Macdonald and several others make a fine contribution to this unusual picture. (At the Roxy Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Earlier New York

New York in the American Revolution, by Wilbur C. Abbott; illustrations selected by Victor H. Paltsits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

A NOTABLE essayist and more than a mere teacher of history, Professor Abbott of Harvard University has written a delightful sketch of the City of New York in the American Revolution. He has not only woven the scattered, fragmentary materials found in a multitude of memoirs, letters, documents and local histories into a flowing narrative, but from his own exact knowledge of England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, he has provided a background of digested information for the general reader, whom he does not overwhelm with citations and extended bibliographies. There is erudition without display. Written for popular consumption, there is little new material for the student of American history. Yet a skilful portrayal of the progress of an important community through the disrupting Revolutionary era is a decided contribution. The author faces facts, even recognizing that the Great Britain of our day owes much of its progress to defeat—not unlike the idea stressed by Sir Esme Howard in a Yorktown address (1925) and that possibly, America lost something in victory.

A clever description of New York on the eve of the Revolution brings to light an ancient city which present dwellers on the subway will hardly recognize. Yet New York had a cosmopolitan air. It had outgrown Wall Street, and the Bowery was no longer a sylvan lane, though the City Hall park as an open field was endeared to radicals as a rendezvous. The old element was complaining of a German-Irish vote, as its political grasp weakened. A heterogeneous population and material prosperity bred a toleration unknown elsewhere, save in Pennsylvania, but it was a toleration inspired by religious indifference and, from a Puritan standpoint, a lower moral code which winked at gaming and playhouses. Schools were poor; King's College was of doubtful standard; physicians were quacks; lawyers were numerous; and Broadway was a street of confusion with mansions, taverns, shops and poor men's hovels—all indiscriminately located. And then there came the troubles from which the radical, disfranchised majority expected so much and in the end obtained so little, for an upper class—though revolutionized in personnel—continued to rule until the Revolutionary generation had passed away.

The Sons of Liberty were led by "gentlemen," often merchants who did not believe that British trade laws, even those concerning spirits, should be obeyed as long as they were on the statute books, but the ranks were filled with young men, propertyless individuals who paid no sumptuary taxes, mechanics and carters who found domestic rum less expensive than tea. Few of the Sons knew Barré or understood ingenious interpretations of the English constitution, but they did know that they were nothing and hoped to be something. So they formed directed mobs, which broke down the administration of law, terrorized stamp collectors, destroyed tea, erected liberty poles, enforced non-importation agreements by dealings with merchants, bravely foreswore eating lamb, shouted "Wilkes and 45," threatened at a safe distance soldiers as "hirelings of despotism" who worked as scab laborers in the city, and hanged an occasional man in effigy. Few were concerned with theories of government as compared to the number whose interests or supposed interests made them rebels. Men of property were

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loyal to their own interests, and hence were usually loyalists. Good Episcopalians, like the future Bishop Seabury, confused rebellion with Presbyterianism. John Jay, Isaac Low, James Duane, John Alsop and Philip Livingston were far from radicals. Indeed their evolution was painfully gradual. But the ministry failed in the crisis, and neither Lieutenant-Governor Colden nor Governor Tryon were able to prevent the disintegration of the old government and the organization of the patriot machine with its various committees and delegations to the Continental Congresses. New York made ready to follow the lead of Boston.

New men came to the front. Too many of the old aristocrats became refugees or clung to the fence. Moderates were cast aside. Families were divided. Fortunately many solid men remained and many new men became conservative in later years: "Without the agitators, the Sons of Liberty and the element which they represented, there would doubtless have been no Declaration of Independence, no Revolution, and no democracy. Without their opponents there would have been no federal government, no constitution, and no such government as we possess. . . . With few or no exceptions, the agitators were never honored by their countrymen with high office, once independence was achieved."

Professor Abbott's reader follows the army in Washington's masterful retreat of 1776, sees the occupation by the British, whose success is not deprecated, and enjoys New York's society as a British garrison town quite as much as the ladies who were intrigued by the officers and shrewd merchants who counted profits in golden sovereigns in an era of continental currency. The City of New York naturally played no part in the war: it heard American news that English censors held fit to print; saw Howe leave for Philadelphia; experienced the not unkindly rule of Clinton; after Yorktown, it faced Carleton; and then witnessed the evacuation. In 1783, New York was in a flurry: American prisoners were released from cruel hulks, British soldiers were embarking, refugee loyalists were boarding transports for Canada and the British Isles, middle-of-the-road loyalists were clinging hopefully to their possessions, and Washington's victorious army took possession. The City of New York became American territory.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Rolland on Beethoven

Beethoven the Creator, by Romain Rolland; translated by Ernest Newman. New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

OF MANY books on Beethoven written around the centenary of 1927, four now available to English readers will prove to have more than ceremonial value. Ernest Newman's The Unconscious Beethoven is a plausible, well-constructed account of the master's psychological growth and intellectual powers. J. W. N. Sullivan's Beethoven: His Spiritual Development is a brilliant exposition of the progress from experience to conceptual achievement in Beethoven's career, and of the ability of his concepts to "illuminate the universe" beyond the restrictions placed on music and the allied arts by the scientific absolutism of the last 300 years. In Beethoven: The Man Who Freed Music, Robert Haven Schauffler has gathered most of the available biographical facts. The labored pedestrianism of his comments detracts from every part of his book, but it will probably remain the most useful life in English. Finally, we now have Ernest Newman's translation of Romain Rolland's new study of Beethoven as creator, and thus hear an enthusiast speak again on behalf of the genius who has influ-

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NEXT WEEK

John Carter, whose articles on ECONOMIC DISARMAMENT have aroused much interest, continues the series with a discussion of the economic relationship between the United States and Latin America. He sees the entire western hemisphere, our economic heritage, disturbed by military, political and financial qualifications which detract from the geographic advantages natural to our position. . . . Senator William E. Borah has long been an enigma both to colleague and opponent. In BORAH DESCENDS FROM OLYMPUS, William C. Murphy, jr., turns the searchlight on the man who "winds himself up but never strikes twelve." . . . Many critics believe that Robert Bridges, poet laureate of England, has crowned his career with his recently published THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY. George N. Shuster's paper on the new volume will be an analysis of the poet's achievement. . . . However much the world may have forgotten Vézelay, the prophetic city set on a hill, it remains a mecca for many of the faithful. PILGRIMAGE TO VEZELAY by Charles Sears Baldwin is a beautiful essay—one of the finest we have ever published—interpreting the historical and religious significance of this village on the Cure. . . . ON MYTH by Hilaire Belloc is an interesting dissertation on the planting of half-facts, their growth and their acceptance as truths. He cites the myth of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace as an instance of carefully fostered untruth. . . . Commander William A. Maguire, Catholic chaplain in the United States Navy, has sent us THE FINGER PRINT from the Turkish town of Samsun on the Black Sea. It is the story of a thief who robbed an Armenian woman and how a priest solved the matter for the authorities.

enced his own career from the time he conceived his great novel, Jean Christophe.

Rolland has not written a biography. He did that a quarter-century ago. He describes the present volume as the first of a series of studies of "the great creative periods," and calls it From the Eroica to the Appassionata. It covers the years 1800 (when Beethoven was thirty) to 1806, dealing in a broad interpretative manner with the third symphony, the opera Fidelio, and the Sonata Appassionata. Beethoven is depicted as a creator in "the first of those mighty crises of his being in which he seems to be perishing and then renews himself." To uphold this thesis, Rolland not only outlines the thematic content of the music, with the philosophy it conveys, but also shows the personal ordeal of the musician, the causes of his deafness, his relations with the Brunswick sisters and with his patrons, and the reflection of these experiences in the renewal of creative energy which came after the Eroica.

Rolland here reveals a scholarly diligence not always apparent in his former works. To the 264 pages of his study, he has added another 200 of notes and appendices—some of them composed of hitherto inaccessible documents such as Thérèse von Brunswick's diary—which show how widely he has gathered his evidence, collated his annotations and canvassed far-scattered libraries in his search for intimate biographical details. These notes, because of their range and accuracy, contain some of the most trenchant comments Rolland has thus far written. Heretofore, his critical works have suffered from an excess of fervent enthusiasm. His vision of art is cosmic. In his view of great writing and music, he depicts them as repositories of the supreme flower of genius, as summaries of human idealism and endeavor. To express this vision he invariably lends full measure of his own creative energy, with the result that his facts are submerged, and his verdicts, surfeited in a flood of enthusiasm, elude the wearied reader and drown in a sea of words and epithets. This romanticism bears its fruits in Jean Christophe. From the moment we hear the Rhine sending up its continual murmur behind the hero's boyhood home (the Bonn of Beethoven) we catch the overtones of grandeur and heroism which this novel describes in terms of a musician's trials and triumph.

But in criticism this extravagance deadens the writer's perceptions and likewise diverts the attention of the reader, who is given no change for reciprocation or discovery. A score of quotations might be given which, even apart from their context, would reveal the completeness of Rolland's surrender to the power and magnetism of Beethoven. For lavishness of phrase they rival the work of many mediocre critics. And Rolland is not one. His understanding of music is instinctive and profound. His structural outlines are close and logical. His definition of motives is usually convincing. His biographical interpretations strike one as valid, because he has discarded most of the mythical anecdotal devices which have misled commentators from Schindler's time onward, and relied on his own creative understanding in accounting for the ideas which Beethoven's music implies. His account of the Eroica and the Appassionata has elements of classical exegesis. He places Beethoven, with sound historical perspective, among the musicians who aided him in perfecting the structural canons of music. This is seen especially in his discussion of Mozart's contribution to the Eroica, and of Bach's and Haydn's to the Sonata Appassionata.

In Rolland's failure to discern the causes which resulted in the failure of Fidelio as opera, we see again the excess of his excited sympathy. But he has traced the evolution of the Lenore

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idea with great lucidity, and laid before us in clear outline the development of a great theme.

This book—with its succeeding parts—will probably rank as a classic of its kind. Mr. Newman's translation does much to clarify the style of the original and to make it what in its present version it is: a volume to stand beside his own and Mr. Sullivan's cooler, more scientific books. In his vigor of sympathy and in his fundamental grasp of ideas, Rolland undoubtedly surpasses his rivals. Yet it is in the very nature of his gifts that they prevent him from making the clear, detached judgments which may not re-create the grandeur of music but nevertheless remain most useful and stimulating in the end.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Mrs. Willebrandt's Findings

The Inside of Prohibition, by Mabel Walker Willebrandt. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

THE twenty-three articles which Mrs. Willebrandt published in a syndicate of newspapers a few months ago are here presented as a book together with an appendix. The articles retain, of course, the same elements of strength and weakness which they possessed in their original form. They are strong in as much as they admit the failure of prohibition enforcement; they are weak in as much as they betray the limitations of the normal prohibitionist, particularly his inability to see facts in their actual proportions, his reliance upon emotions as a substitute for intellectual processes, his mental fogginess, his tortuous reasoning and his utter disregard of individual rights.

To those who read the articles when they first appeared, the appendix will seem to be the most interesting part of the volume. It presents the text of the five speeches which Mrs. Willebrandt delivered in the two months immediately preceding the presidential election of 1928. In the preface she makes specific reference to the first of these, the famous, or notorious, address which she delivered to the Methodist ministers at Springfield, Ohio.

Disingenuously she attempts to exculpate herself from the offense of political impropriety which she there committed. She says that she did not attack anyone's religion; but no responsible person ever accused her of this. Her disclaimer under this head is a particularly crude example of the ancient trick of constructing and then demolishing a man of straw. She denies that she exhorted the churches to "go into politics," although her speech contained these sentences: "There are 2,000 pastors here. You have in your churches more than six hundred thousand members of the Methodist Church in Ohio alone. That is enough to swing the election. The six hundred thousand have friends in other states. Write to them. Every day and every ounce of your energy are needed to rouse the friends of prohibition to register and vote." Perhaps her denial is only a quibble. Perhaps she means that she urged those Methodist ministers to *stay* in politics; for she was well aware that they had been in politics for decades in their endeavors to obtain and preserve prohibition.

This is a typical instance of Mrs. Willebrandt's tortuousness and slovenly thinking. Another striking example is found in the second speech to the Methodists of Ohio, at Lorraine, September 23, 1928: "Your church isn't going into politics. It maintains, as it has during all the years of struggle, that prohibition does not belong in politics, that it is a moral issue." In other words, a religious group may actively and unitedly support and oppose candidates for political office without "going

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into politics." Political actions concerning a "moral" issue cease to be political! The person who betrays this amazing confusion of thought was for eight years assistant attorney-general of the United States of America.

Worse than her loose thinking is her capacity for reckless and unfair statement. In her Springfield speech she declared that the "underworld connections" of Tammany are "matched no place else in America"; that, in helping to bring about the repeal of the New York State Enforcement Act, Governor Smith had violated his "oath to support the constitution of the United States."

As an experienced lawyer, Mrs. Willebrandt ought to have known that no legal nor moral obligation rests upon any state to enact legislation for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. If she was not able to reason this out for herself she should have consulted the recognized legal authorities, such as Professor McBain of Columbia University. Her attempt, in a speech at Los Angeles, November 3, 1928, to convey the impression that most of the great Catholic advocates of temperance and total abstinence, including Pope Pius X, were believers in prohibition, might charitably be put down to her incapacity to think straight, which is frequently demonstrated. Or it might be susceptible of an explanation which comes within ethical category.

Mrs. Willebrandt would have been well advised to put into this volume only the pieces that she had published in the newspapers. The speeches which constitute the appendix are an amazing revelation of her mental and moral limitations. While she is no longer an important political personage, her book will be valuable as a symbol. It exhibits vividly the weaknesses and tyrannies of prohibition, and the incompetence and indirection of the prohibitionist mentality. The Inside of Prohibition will be very instructive to the historian who fifty years hence endeavors to describe the psychology of that extraordinary and antiquated national aberration.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Monticello's Sage

Thomas Jefferson, by Gilbert Chinard. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $5.00.

THOUGH the literature regarding Thomas Jefferson is extensive in all truth, there existed a genuine opportunity for an acute French scholar to examine the ties which may or may not have bound the first democrat to the doctrine of old-world revolutionists. Mr. Chinard is just such a scholar. His previous studies have earned for him the respect and gratitude of American historians, and the present book will add to his reputation. It is based largely upon a scrupulous study of first-hand documents, some of them never previously utilized, and maintains throughout the scientific development and temper without flinching.

Jefferson is revealed as a plain man of legalistic mind, who derived some of his fundamental principles from Lord Kames and similar authors. He believed that old Saxon law stressed the natural rights for which American patriots were battling, and he seems to have been quite untouched by Rousseauism. Mr. Chinard holds that the true state of Jefferson's mind at the time of the signing of the Declaration is revealed in a document recently unearthed—a draught of reflections upon the debate regarding the Articles of Confederation. In this a line is drawn between "rights of personal competency" and "rights of defective power." The first (of which the right to think freely is an example) cannot be resigned without suffering, but the

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second needs the guarantee of civil society. Not everybody will be ready to assign to this statement all the importance which Mr. Chinard attributes to it, but it does help us to understand Jefferson's distinction between state and national rights and it does prove that he was miles removed from underwriting the theory of Rousseau.

In several interesting chapters we are then introduced to Jefferson's work in Virginia, which is valuable for the commentary it supplies on his private character and practicality of mind. The conclusions arrived at are much the same as those upheld in Nock's Jefferson. Next comes a section entitled An American View of Europe, remarkable for the glimpse it affords of French society on the verge of a revolutionary collapse and sometimes meriting the round scolding which the "puritan from Virginia" administered to it. The rest of the volume is taken up with a splendidly lucid account of Jefferson's achievement at Washington and of the personal development he underwent. He accepted the "religion of progress" whole-heartedly, but he also revised his earlier deistic conception of Christianity and acknowledged with complete sincerity the incomparable value of the Gospel ethic.

Mr. Chinard's book deserves to be ranked with the very best volumes of American political biography. It grinds no ax, keeps to the facts with resolute fidelity, and tells its story with a good-mannered simplicity rare and commendable enough. The constantly recurring questions regarding the origins of Jeffersonian democracy seem to have been answered as satisfactorily as is possible, and the myth of American Rousseauism has been dispelled.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Problems of Behavior

Master of My Fate, by Herschel T. Manuel. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Manuel rejects as unwarranted any materialistic interpretation of his views, and is "not concerned with the nature of the elements of which a living man is composed," there are many expressions to be found in Part I, dealing with the organic basis of personality and behavior, which do not seem capable of any other interpretation. In discussing man as a unitary organism, he seems to have in mind an exaggerated dualism which he rightly opposes. But in the endeavor to maintain a scientific attitude he makes use of a terminology which is quite mechanistic. There are several varieties of behaviorism and it is difficult to detect in most of them a system free from inconsistencies. Mr. Manuel makes no distinction between the higher cognitive functions and the organic—the same "machinery" does both, and apparently in the same way. There is no distinction between different levels of activity. And all may some day, Mr. Manuel hopes, be described in the familiar terminology of "nerve currents and physiological processes."

But science has not got far in this program. Practically nothing is known of the neural processes which accompany the learning of simple habits even in the lower animals, not to speak of the mental activities in man. It would be more in accord with the facts of science to say that the mental processes transcend every known activity of the brain though dependent upon it. It would be more practical and more in harmony with facts frankly to accept "mind" and thus avoid the numerous inconsistencies and fallacies which are certain to follow immediately upon its denial.

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Briefer Mention

A Critical Introduction to Keats, by Robert Bridges. New York: The Oxford University Press. $1.00.

MR. BRIDGE'S essay on Keats was published twenty-five years ago, in a limited edition for which a special form of typography was employed. It deserves a wider circle of readers because it is really one of the most lucid and discriminating of commentaries on an abiding poet. The method is to supply introductions to the poems in their order, and to draw sparingly upon material provided by the life of Keats. Milton is declared to have been the best and strongest influence. "He is," we are told, "above all poets an example of what is meant by inspiration: the mood which all artists require, covet and find most rare was the common mood with him; and I should say that, being amply supplied with this, what as an artist he most lacked was self-restraint and self-castigation—which was indeed foreign to his luxurious temperament, unselfish and devoted to his art as he was—the presence of which was most needful to watch, choose and reject the images which crowded on him as he thought or wrote." That, as a summary, may fairly claim to merit our attention.

The Impotence of Man, by Charles Richet. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

IN MORE senses than one, Professor Richet's little book is a healthful purgative and a stimulating tonic. It attacks puerile notions of human progress, asserting that even the most pompous individual is a veritable worm destined to wriggle about in some dusty patch of fragile mother earth. Sometimes the author's gentle, disillusioned irony pumps humility into one's lungs with a pressure easily noticed. But there it stops. Richet is an Epicurean, pushing determinism farther than it ought to go, leaving no room in the world for God's grace or immortality. If the reader can supply these necessary realities, and keep them always in the background as he follows these chapters on the intellectual, physical, social and moral race limitations, the book will prove of delightful value.

By Way of Introduction, by A. A. Milne. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

HERE we have the prefaces, introductions and epilogues of Mr. A. A. Milne, salvaged from one place and another to make a book. The result is no worse, indeed it is somewhat better than most collections of the kind, and even at $2.50 is one of the more genteel swindles of the season.

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